JAPANESE LIFE IN TOWN & COUNTRY

By
GEORGE WILLIAM KNOX

OUR ASIATIC NEIGHBOURS

Indian Life. By Herbert Compton

Japanese Life. By George W. Knox

IN PREPARATION

Chinese Life

OUR ASIATIC
NEIGHBOURS

JAPANESE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL GARDENS, TOKYO. *Frontispiece.*

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By George William Knox

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TO MY WIFE

WITH MEMORIES OF FIFTEEN HAPPY YEARS IN

DAI NIPPON

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G. W. K.

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JAPANESE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

JAPANESE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY—THE POINT OF VIEW

OUR neighbours on the west, separated from us by the widest ocean, are separated from us also most completely by race, environment, and history. It becomes an axiom, repeated by travellers and enforced by scholars, that the Occidental cannot understand the Oriental. How, then, shall we of the extreme West understand the farthest East? The current phrase in Japan has it that the longer one is there the less does he know of the land and the people, the old resident confessing ignorance and leaving confident judgments to the newcomer. The confession may be the modest expression of the scholar who with growing knowledge is increasingly aware that he is master of only a fraction of his subject, or more likely it is the outcome of indolence and impatience, an

indolence which, finding first impressions wrong, is unwilling to take the pains necessary to master the data for a mature and correct opinion, and the impatience which arises from disappointment as the charm of the beginning yields to the disillusionment of a prolonged residence. Thus is created a belief that an inherent unlikeness in psychology differentiates European from Asiatic.

The axiom is supported by wide experience, the differences in judgment being extraordinary, and seemingly permanent. Japan, for example, is the delight of tourists; its art, its customs, its scenery, its people have a charm to which all but the exceptionally unresponsive traveller yield. When after its long seclusion it was once more accessible it was like the apparition of another world. Even now, when so much is changed, the novelty remains, and besides, the very transformation affects us like a fairy tale. The novelty, and mystery, and romance are the joy of the traveller, and he has no wish that the fairy tale be translated into the language of every day, nor that Japan be shown to be only a portion of our prosaic and commonplace world.

When, however, he decides to dwell in Japan his point of view changes. The picturesque ceases to fascinate, the novelty wears off, the climate is enervating and productive of discomfort and disease; the beauty of mountain and plain no longer so appeal to him as he thinks them the product of a ceaseless seismic activity (the more

one knows of earthquakes the less one likes them); the politeness appears superficial and insincere, and business relations leave everything to be desired. He prefers China, where one can trust the merchants, or almost any land east or west. He lives, in the foreign settlements, in an atmosphere charged with hostility to the "natives," and the longer he remains the less can he sympathise with the enthusiasm of travellers. He thinks them mere visitors at an elaborate play, while he lives behind the scenes.

Of course the difference is in the point of view. Japan is strikingly unlike the West, and this constitutes its charm to the tourist and its offence to the resident. Its standards of life differ from our own as does its scenery from that of our American plains, and the differences in etiquette, in ethics, in business methods, in religion, and in general in views of life, cause clashes which are unpleasant and may be disastrous. Hence, if one would hear the most unflattering account of the Japanese, he should listen to residents of long standing who may be supposed to speak with authority.

Nor is public opinion among foreign residents much influenced by the convictions of a few who have gone over completely to the Japanese ways of life, and use, with the zeal of proselytes, their views of the superiority of Japanese art, morality, women, and religion to disparage the civilisation they have renounced. To the average resident such men live in a dreamland of their own, and

not in the real Japan of broken contracts, trials, constant disappointments, endless postponements, and general disillusionment. The few in their turn retort that they only penetrate the heart of things, and that if the majority does not agree the fact is immaterial, and merely shows an inability to see and an incapacity to understand.

A fourth opinion is possible, when Japan is no longer judged by its possibilities for furnishing new sensations, nor by our standards and its capacity to minister to our gain and needs, nor as an Oriental paradise where artistic and poetic fancies are realised, but as a part of our common humanity; or better, when it is not judged at all, but is studied that it may be understood. Such a purpose can be formed only as we surrender our axiom, for if the West cannot understand the East that is the end of it; but at least the axiom can be accepted only when it is proved, and we may better begin with the more ancient phrase that nothing human is foreign to us.

There was a time when Japan was enveloped in mystery and when ignorance was pardonable. For a decade and more after the "open ports" were thronged with foreigners, and the Powers had their representatives diplomatic and consular, and the missionary societies were numerously represented, all — merchants, diplomatists, and missionaries—were dealing with unknown quantities. Naturally grotesque blunders and serious errors were made, the Japanese understanding us

as little as we understood them. But a generation has passed and the puzzles have been solved. The language is known in all its forms, in its literary development and in its relation to its cognates; the literature has been read, the philosophy studied, and the history investigated; the religion in its various forms is understood, the art has been sympathetically appreciated and assigned its place; the social organisation, the political formation, the multitudinous facts bearing upon the life of the people have been set forth, discussed, tested, and, more or less, submitted to the methods of modern science. Moreover, men of intelligence have lived for years in intimate association with representative members of all classes of society and have reported their observations. As a result, Japan is known to those who would study it as it has never been known to its own people in the past. It would seem then an affected humility to profess that the West cannot understand the East, for in all these results there is nothing inscrutable, nothing even mysterious, nothing to lead us to conclude that the Japanese are other than men of like passions with ourselves but formed in a different environment and educated in a different atmosphere.

From this point of view indeed one may hesitate to express confident opinions about "the Japanese," for the people are no longer seen *en masse*, and among individuals there are differences as among ourselves. We are often asked, "Do you

like the Japanese?" and the answer can be only, "Yes and no. Some we like and some we dislike." "Are they trustworthy?" "Yes and no. As with other folk, some we trust and some we doubt." "Are they true friends?" "Again, yes and no. As everywhere, we have many acquaintances and a few true friends." Who can answer such questions in truthful generalisations? How we differ in our judgments of Americans or Englishmen, and how insufficient in all cases are our data as we attempt on the basis of our narrow experience to describe the characteristics of a people!

Of course no foreigner sees a people as they see themselves. He remains on the outside after all and carries a double standard. Let him be as sympathetic as he will, still he is not full participator in it all, but remains to some extent a spectator, his centre of reality not quite coincident with theirs, so that an element of illusion remains. Possibly this is less of a disturbing element in our judgment of the Japanese, since they for a generation have sought foreign criticism and judge their own performances by their reflection in foreign minds.

Common opinion seems to have decided certain points, and a brief reference should be made to them. It is agreed that the Chinese excel in commercial honesty, and that the Japanese excel in patriotism and in soldierly qualities. The difference is incontestable and the reason is not

THE HOME OF A BUDDHIST MONK. TENANTED BY FOREIGNERS.

far to seek. China has been for milleninums a peace-loving, commercial nation, and it has developed a corresponding ethical and social code. Japan up to our own days has been feudal, disdaining trade, with the loyalty, sense of honour, and morality of mediæval Europe, of communities everywhere in which war is normal and the soldier chief in position and repute. Would we judge the Japanese we should look at them through the eyes of a Scottish clansman of two hundred years ago. The feudal constitution has passed away, but not the habits and the morals which were associated with it, so much more easy is it to change the outward form than the inner life. So our merchants praise the Chinese and our soldiers admire the Japanese. Again, all agree that the relations between the sexes do not conform to high ideals, that is, to our ideals. Neither Confucianism nor Buddhism did for woman what Christianity has accomplished for her, nor does there appear in the Japanese a strain of blood like the German or the Hebrew. The whole development has been profoundly different, so that to find a parallel we must go quite outside our historic line and turn, say, to ancient Greece. Then we shall have a truer standard and our judgment will be, if no less severe, yet more in accordance with all the facts.

The conflict with Russia has brought Japan into the centre of Occidental attention. In our superficial way we have classed Asiatics together,

and we have assumed our own superiority. It has seemed a fact, proved by centuries of intercourse and generations of conquest, that the East lacks the power of organisation, of attention to details, and of mastery over complicated machinery. Japan upsets our deduction by showing its equality in these matters, and, on the final appeal, by putting itself into the first rank of nations. For the time, the judgment of tourists and merchants seems at fault, and we ask the explanation of the phenomenon. Here is a people, undoubtedly Asiatic, which shows that it can master the science and the methods of the West. Can it be that we are less able to understand them, and to set forth the reason why they have proved themselves our equals in fields we had thought exclusively our own?

Of this we are assured, we can see them as they are only as we know the sources of their life, their history, the ideals which have ruled them, and the discipline which has trained them. In a study of European nations we can take these things for granted, as they are of our race, with the same traditions, social order, religion, and, in part, literature. Our differences are superficial, so that we can begin at once with the conditions and expression of ordinary life. But in Japan all is different, and we must go deeper if we would understand the things we see. We must learn the formative influences of the past, glancing at the history, traditions, social organisation, ethical

codes, and religious spirit which constitute so largely man's experience. With this knowledge of the people we shall understand them as we mingle with them in the intercourse of every day; without it we shall simply add further proof to the misleading statement that the West can never understand the East.

Let us begin then with a review of the traditions and the history, although thus we repeat a more than thrice-told tale.

CHAPTER II

THE TRADITION

THE Japanese tradition relates the formation of the islands and the origin of the race, the former crystals from the point of the Creator's spear, and the latter the descendants of the gods. Iconoclastic science shows the lands to be of volcanic origin, rising out of the Pacific, and the people to be Mongolians who came from the continent of Asia in successive waves of immigration. How long ago they came we do not know, for in their earliest memories their migrations were already long since forgotten, and no traces of them can be found in the greatly older records of China. But already, as always with the oldest families, others had preceded them and were in possession, the non-Mongolian race called Ainu, these in their turn having been preceded by still earlier settlers, who doubtless in their time made a dwelling-place for themselves by dispossessing predecessors. The Japanese followed the good old rule,

> . . . "the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

so that wars ensued for centuries, perhaps for millenniums, the Ainu mixing sparingly and ineffectively with the latest invaders and being pushed gradually eastward and northward until at last they left the main island for Yezo, where a scanty remnant still remains, conquered but unabsorbed and unassimilated, their ancient ferocity subdued, and content if their simple life can furnish means for existence and liquor in abundance for feasts, a people without history or hope.

Language allies the Japanese with a group of peoples of whom they are chief, the others living in the chain of little islands stretching southward towards Formosa, and, on the continent, in Korea. The same evidence separates them widely from the Chinese, for though all are classed as Mongolians and we in our superior way think all Mongolians one, yet the languages are wholly distinct, in no respect more akin than are Hebrew and English. If the two peoples ever were one, it was in some far-away place and time which we are powerless to name. The Japanese, in any case, in remote antiquity, travelled east until farther they could not go, and then they conquered the Ainu and occupied their land.

Remote as were their migrations, their records are comparatively recent. The traditions were first written down in 712 A.D., and the volume constitutes the first book written in their tongue, *Ko-Ji-Ki; the Records of Ancient Matters*. The very islands, according to one legend, were begotten

by the divinities, and by and by after many stories of the gods in Heaven, Earth, and Hades, the ancestors of the emperor came down from heaven. Indeed, the distinction between heaven and earth was not great, for the two had features of the same kind and were connected by a ladder, and an "arrow shot from earth could reach heaven and make a hole in it." Up and down the ladder went beings, far other than those Jacob saw, having strange adventures. Of one "we learn of his conversations with a hare and with a mouse, of the prowess and cleverness he displayed on the occasion of a visit to his ancestor in Hades, of his amours, of his triumphs over his eighty brethren, of his reconciliation with his jealous empress, and of his numerous descendants." His name, Anglicised, was the "Impetuous Male Deity," and he was given dominion over the sea, which, however, he never tries to control, but "afterwards appears as the capricious and filthy deity of Hades, who, however, seems to retain some control over the land of the living as he invests his descendant of the sixth generation with the sovereignty of Japan." But this descendant, whose adventures were almost as remarkable as those of his ancestor, was ultimately deposed and became himself a god. Another descendant of the gods, perhaps of the Impetuous Male, perhaps of the Sun-goddess, the history leaving us in doubt, became the first "historic emperor." Those who would pursue the story in detail must be referred to Mr. Chamber-

lain's admirable translation, where they will learn how the connection with heaven was broken off and how it comes a descendant of the deities still occupies the Imperial throne. The modern Japanese are content with the date assigned to Jimmu Tenno, 660 B.C., as the beginning of history, but Western scholars are sceptical. Jimmu had adventures of his own, meeting people with tails, getting a crossbow from heaven, being guided by a crow eight feet in length, and marrying the daughter of a god. He died full of years, an hundred and thirty-seven years old. After his death troubles ensued which are briefly narrated, and then for five hundred years there are simple genealogies, with a list of sovereigns noteworthy for nothing but the extraordinary length of their reigns. When details are again given it is in the beginning of the Christian era, and they are chiefly marvels. Indeed, the empress (named Jingo) who conquered Korea in the third century A.D. was aided by "fishes both small and great and by a miraculous wave, and not until the beginning of the fifth century A.D. do the wonders cease."

From these *Records of Ancient Matters* Mr. Chamberlain has reconstructed for us the outlines of the primitive society. Wooden huts with mud floors and a low shelf running around the room on which were spread mats and the skins of beasts, were the dwellings. They had holes for windows, doors hung on hinges, and were surrounded by

fences. The posts were held together by vines and thongs, the smoke from the fire finding its way out as best it could. There were conveniences which surprise us and lead us to expect a delicacy and a decency unusual in so low a stage of social development, an expectation unhappily disappointed as the narrative proceeds. Iron was in common use, with silver, gold, and bronze as curiosities from foreign lands. Food was chiefly fish, rice, and game, with vegetables, grains, and fruits. *Sake* made from rice was the intoxicating drink. Hempen cloth, the bark of the paper mulberry, skins, straw, and the tendrils of creeping plants furnished material for clothes. Naturally there were no schools before books, and education was confined to practice with bows and arrows. We read of hunting, fishing, and war, but not of commerce, or money, or trades. Only a love of bathing and a certain artistic gift identify the life with the civilisation of later days.

Marriage was a matter of little ceremony or of none, and sister and wife were designated by the same word. A man might have one wife or three, and divorce was at his will. In such a primitive society we should not look for language or conduct in accordance with our standards, and there was an entire unconsciousness of impropriety even in "a shocking obscenity of word and deed."

When a man died his hut was deserted and his clothing and ornaments were buried with the

corpse, a custom magnified on the death of a ruler to the desertion of the capital and the burying of servants alive. After a time images were buried as substitutes, and with the coming of a more elaborate architecture the other custom fell into disuse.

The gods were as rude as the men; some were good and some were bad; some had tails; some lived in heaven, some on earth, some in Hades, and some divided their time between the three. There were gods of the sun and moon and rivers and seas; of utensils, of the kitchen, of the earth; gods innumerable. The Sun-goddess hid in a cave and was enticed out through her jealous curiosity; other gods had human wives and adventures incoherent, silly, and worse. Some of the gods are deifications of nature's powers, and some are possibly formed from the dim, exaggerated traditions of heroes, but most of the stories are dull, or revolting, and only a few merit repetition. They are in two cycles loosely connected, without real unity, and doubtless of very diverse origin. The worship of ancestors was not a part of the tradition or of the religion.

There are none of the common stories of our Western races, of a "fall of man," an Eden, a flood. As we should expect, there is no doctrine and no ethics nor any trace of a monotheistic belief. Diverse superstitions and a belief in dreams and divinations prevailed, with prayers and offerings and hymns to the gods. The temples were

ordinary huts without images or adornments, and the priests were men with a special function added to their ordinary avocations. But there were no sacrifices, excepting sometimes in extremity the offering up of life, and no belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, nor in transmigration. Purifications by water were the chief rites.

The government was by the rule of petty chiefs, and only after centuries was centralisation effected. The Emperor long lived with his people and was little distinguished from them. Punishments were savagely cruel, and terribly revolting punishments remained even after the introduction of more formal law—the Chinese system involving the whole family in the guilt of a single member. Early Japan is not attractive, for its *Records of Ancient Matters* make sombre pictures, but so is it ever with descriptions of primitive peoples. The vital question is whether a race can survive contact with a superior civilisation. Shall it contract only vices and perish in consequence, or shall it mingle with its conquerors and lose its identity, or like the Ainu shall it offer a dull resistance so that in the midst of progress it shall remain unchanged? The fit survive, adopting the new civilisation, adapting and improving it, and in turn becoming contributors to the progress of the world. Such a process constitutes the history of Japan. The race was active, self-reliant, eager, emotional, easily moved by the marvellous, and

ready to adopt the wonderful and the novel as its own, yet with its distinct characteristics which it could not lose, but must impress on its new possessions. Such were the Japanese in the beginning, and so they remain in our day.

CHAPTER III

ASIATIC CIVILISATION

WHILE Japan was still barbarous, China was highly civilised. Of the beginnings and growth of its civilisation we have no records and we are unable to reconstruct the process. In the days of Confucius, the sixth century B.C., the people lived much as their descendants live to-day, and Confucius professed to be a transmitter, and not an originator. We are probably within the bounds of sober historical statement if we assert that in the twelfth century B.C. the constitution of Chinese society was already formed in its essential features as it now endures. In any case, no other existing society can dispute with it in claims of an unbroken historical continuity and of high antiquity. Already, in those remote ages, China to itself was the world, the centre of enlightenment, and surrounded only by a fringe of barbarians. Self-centred, and cut off by impassable barriers of mountains, deserts, and seas from other civilisations, it lived its own life until its institutions crystallised and its people identified

them with the laws of nature itself. The thoroughgoing conservatism which seems a part of the Chinese people was thus acquired, for in the earlier periods of its history it showed itself responsive to influences from abroad, as individuals still yield readily and completely to a foreign environment. Yet, as a whole, never has any other people been so true to the spirit and the manners of the remote past, and nowhere else has so great a multitude been so homogeneous. China has been conquered repeatedly by foreign invaders, but the native tradition has always imposed itself upon the conquerors.

The chief exception would seem to be in the sphere of religion. Confucianism aimed chiefly at polity, and its ideal was the high-minded and philosophical statesman. It never in its pure form satisfied the religious longings of the people. Hence Buddhism, brought from India, was welcomed by the masses, and in the year A.D. 45 it received the Imperial sanction. It managed to adopt the Confucian ethics as its own, forming a composite which clear-sighted criticism later on was to destroy, and it made a deep impression for a thousand years upon the literature, philosophy, art, and social life of the Chinese. It was not the relatively simple Buddhism of Gautama, but the elaborate, metaphysical, theological, mythological, sectarian Buddhism of the Northern School, the result of centuries of discussion and of the mingling of elements from most diverse sources,

China making modifications and additions of its own.

This form of Buddhism furnished the impulse from which came the transformation of Japan. It has been China's opposite — unconquered by arms, it has been the willing and ready captive of civilising influences from abroad. How early it felt the influence of China we do not know, for the *Records of Ancient Matters* show many points of contact and even in the earliest traditions traces can be detected. But from the sixth century of our era the influence was direct and transforming. Our earliest certain date in Japan is A.D. 552, when Buddhist missionaries from Korea entered the empire. Thenceforward came a succession of artists and scholars and priests who were welcomed, given high position, and identified with the people. Japanese in turn visited China, and, clear-sighted observers and quick learners, they returned enriched with the spoils of foreign travel and eager to communicate their wealth to their countrymen.

Naturally, the aristocracy first profited by this intercourse. The Court accepted the teaching of the strangers without distrust, and only in a single instance was there revolutionary reaction, and this because of an outburst of superstition caused by the prevalence of a plague. On the other hand, there was no suspicion that the foreigners desired to rule, or that a religious propagandism was forerunner of political domination.

Very slowly did the new religion penetrate the masses, but after centuries they were won when a clever priest taught them how to combine the new faith with the old.

Letters were introduced, that is ideographs, and the Chinese language. The first book, our *Records of Ancient Matters*, was written in A.D. 712 in a form of Japanese which is now archaic. Another version of the same "matters" was brought out a few years later, dressed up in Chinese style, with Chinese philosophy interwoven with the stories of the gods and rhetorical Chinese speeches put into their mouths. Chinese became the language of scholarship, so that education meant its mastery. The native language, however, never completely yielded, but imposed its terminations, its post-positions, its order, and its syntax upon literature, forming a curious composite result. Only a few very scholarly men mastered the alien language so as to write pure Chinese, and others employed a mixture which never produced a literature truly great, but remained as a drag. The pure Japanese was left to women, the lower classes, and to certain schools of antiquarians, and it had no Dante or Luther to raise it to its rightful place of dignity and usefulness. The pronunciation of Chinese was as barbarous as the literary styles in composition, and almost as varied, successive generations of teachers leaving successive fashions of pronunciation, until three are recognised and none represents

any understandable in China: like the French of the Prioress:

> "And French she spake full faire and fetishly,
> After the school of Stratford atte Bow,
> For French of Paris was to her unknow."

For a millennium the priesthood controlled education, the schools being attached to temples. A university was established with halls for music, medicine, and astrology. The course in medicine, for example, included "materia medica, anatomy, physiology, and the practice of medicine and surgery. Medicinal plants were studied as to their forms and properties, whilst anatomy, it would seem, was taught by plates and diagrams." Only men of specified rank were admitted to this study, though the fitness of women for attendance on the sick was recognised. Charity hospitals and dispensaries were established.

An elaborate and ornate architecture was introduced. Temples built of wood near Nara in the eighth century remain as monuments of the religious fervour and the artistic ability of that remote age. Of neither can there be doubt. The artistic nature of the Japanese people responded at once to the opportunity offered it by the teaching of Chinese art, and their religious feelings embraced the foreign creed with enthusiastic zeal, indeed, with misguided zeal, since the secular arm was called in to punish doubters, and the people

were compelled to accept Buddhism by Imperial decree.

The government was reorganised and an elaborate official hierarchy on the Chinese model was set up. The Emperor became the "Son of Heaven," and was removed from familiar contact with the people, the formalities and ceremonies of Chinese life becoming naturalised. Laws were changed and in place of the rude systems of ancient Japan the developed Chinese jurisprudence with courts and judges was adopted, the great transformation being effected from barbaric rule to formal law.

It is impossible to follow the story in detail, and so much is here introduced merely to emphasise the fact that the Japanese of a thousand years ago were essentially like the Japanese of to-day, with the same receptivity, the same intelligence, the same appreciation of the higher good, and the same independence in adapting the importations to their needs. The result, it is true, was not wholly good. As in the case of the language, the natural development was checked and a highly artificial product resulted, for the Chinese civilisation was too complete, too well organised, too imposing, too conscious of its own superiority and finality. It could see nothing beyond itself, and its mere imitation seemed the attainment of perfection.

Life became luxurious, refined, complex, without high ideals or purposes. A court lady of the

eleventh century has left us a novel which pictures the life of the time when this Asiatic civilisation was at its climax, a book as pure in style as it is impure in morals. It is indescribably tedious, its characters effeminate, proud, luxurious, superstitious, fond of intrigues in politics and love, but constant in neither, dilettante in art and poetry, idlers, who prepared their country, which they pretended to rule, for the storms which soon overtook it.

For by this time the Empire was ready for revolution. The emperors no longer ruled, but princely families struggled for supremacy, with the spoils of office as the stakes, and pleasures of the grosser sort as ultimate end. Superstition took the place of religion, and literature was without virility. Emperors were without power or ambition, often mere children adorned with meaningless honours, surrounded with burdensome ceremonial, and systematically debauched. Had such a civilisation continued, Japan would have been as uninteresting and as ineffective in a few centuries as other Asiatic lands. It was not in an effeminate civilisation but in deadly strife that the Japanese obtained the training which fits them to take a great place in the world. In the twelfth century the system which had formed around the palace of the Emperor broke up and the appeal was made to arms.

CHAPTER IV

THE FEUDAL WARS

TWO great families began the strife in the twelfth century A.D. and then for four hundred years obscure struggles ensued. Family fought against family, East against West, and adventurer with adventurer. Civilisation almost perished, as the cities were destroyed and sometimes the people lost heart and refused to till the ground. The emperors lost even the semblance of power and remained in ceremonious confinement. The court nobles shared the same fate, the *Shogun* (generalissimo) trying to hold the actual power, while a body of feudal lords was formed which fought each other and governed the provinces. At intervals strong leaders appeared who conquered a peace and made opportunity for a revival of civilisation and the development of art and luxury; but no family long survived and soon fighting would be resumed. Such history need not be repeated in detail, as it was partisan strife with no principles involved and no constitutional development. Heroic acts,

self-sacrifice, and striking deeds there were, but loyalty was to persons, so that the warfare led no whither.

The system became more and more complicated. The Emperor, as we have seen, was left to a life of empty state in Kyoto, his capital, supposed to start the machinery of government and then to remain apart. Never were *de facto* and *de jure* powers more widely separated. Why in all these centuries did no strong soldier end the elaborate farce and make himself in title as in fact supreme? Possibly for the reason which led the Cæsars to preserve so long the fiction of a republic, or, possibly, because it was not unnatural, but expressive of a stage in the development of the Japanese and congenial to their minds.

For, sometimes, the *Shogun* went the way of the Emperor and prime ministers ruled, leaving two empty shades of power above them. Even in the feudatories it was impossible long to make nominal and real supremacy one, and the same separation followed, the barons (*daimyo*) becoming luxurious weaklings, while ambitious underlings ruled in their stead. Often the varying rulers were debauched and forced to abdicate that their infants might have the name to rule while the substance of authority was held by more common and more virile hands.

Learning fell into disrepute and was left to priests. The university was given up, medicine made no advance, and law gave way to the caprice

of soldiers and gentlemen. The gentleman (*samurai*) was the soldier and, more and more separated from the common people, gained special rights and privileges. He corresponded to the knights of Europe, but his soldierly loyalty was tempered neither by devotion to the Church nor to woman. Loyalty was the one virtue, and yet the story is disfigured by countless acts of treachery. Some of the great leaders were monsters of cruelty and lust, stopping at nothing when their ambitions or their desires were at stake. Even the monks partook of the spirit of the age, as monasteries became fortresses, bishops were barons, and armies of priests defied the strongest barons. One line of bishops ruled a great province for a century.

The connection with China and Korea was never wholly broken, and there were repeated importations of new forms of art, and new customs of life for successive waves of influence were felt and always from the same quarter. Once, indeed, it seemed as if an impulse were to be received from another source, and had it been effective and permanent the story of East and West would have been greatly altered.

For in the sixteenth century was the episode of foreign intercourse. Europeans went to Japan, where a warm welcome greeted merchants and missionaries. Commerce prospered, and missionaries made many converts. The Roman Church believed that it had added another empire to its

wide dominion, when Xavier went to Japan in 1549, and for forty years the priests who followed him laboured without hindrance and with distinguished success. Then hostilities began. It was an unfortunate time in Europe and in Japan alike. Protestant was arrayed against Catholic, and foreign commerce was little removed from piracy. European enmity was transferred to Japanese soil, and the different nationalities accused each other to the rulers of Japan. Even in the Roman Church order quarrelled with order, the native converts outdoing their teachers in violence. As Buddhism had used force, so Catholic barons attempted to uproot it by force and commanded their subjects to be baptised. Success proved dangerous, for Christian barons fought in the feudal wars, and in the final great war enlisted on the wrong, that is, the weaker, side. So the Church went down in their overthrow. Buddhism proved again that it could persecute, religious intolerance adding fury to political strife. The missionaries were charged with political intrigue and the desire to establish foreign domination, but there is no proof that such designs were seriously entertained. In any case, a decree was formulated expelling foreigners and punishing the profession of Christianity with death. The history of the Church contains no chapter more bloody than the account of its destruction in Japan. Christians in multitudes refused to recant, and were put to death. Some of the foreign priests

courted martyrdom, defying the Government. The persecutions lasted for fifty years and ceased only when there remained none to be persecuted. As Protestantism was destroyed in Spain, so perished the Roman Church in Japan, and for two centuries the laws remained, constantly proclaimed but without victims. Yet when at last foreigners again came to Japan, more than three hundred years after Xavier, missionaries found communities who in secret had kept the faith, without priest, or sacrament, or open assembly, or sacred books. From father to son the tradition had been handed down, so that when the day of freedom again dawned four thousand Roman Catholics hailed its coming, a fact to be pondered by those who think the Japanese fickle and without firmness of convictions or permanence of faith.

With the Church destroyed and foreigners banished, Japan entered upon a period of national seclusion, intercourse even with the Chinese being subjected to severe restrictions. The Dutch obtained scanty privileges on humiliating terms, and through them came intelligence of the Western world, but this intelligence was denied to the people, and among the rulers was prized only by a few men of exceptional intellectual curiosity. The knowledge of the outer world faded away and nothing remained save a hatred of Christianity and a dread of foreign dominion. For European intercourse had been a mere episode without permanent impression, excepting its transformation

of the policy of the Government into rigid exclusion. When in the nineteenth century the West again came into contact with the East, the policy seemed characteristic, and its sudden reversal indicative of fickleness. But Japan is not self-centred like China, nor is it dominated by caste like India. Its isolation was the exception, an episode due to special causes, in a history characterised in its whole development by hospitality and receptivity.

At the close of the four hundred years of feudal warfare a group of great men shaped the policy of the Empire and after more hard fighting at home and in Korea gave peace to the Empire. The fighting must not detain us, not even the invasion of Korea. In it one of the two commanders was a Christian and thousands of Catholics were with him. It was a war undertaken in part from the love of conquest, and in part from the exigencies of politics at home. It achieved success in the beginning, but terminated in failure, though it destroyed Korean prosperity and inflicted losses from which that kingdom has not yet recovered. It added also another impulse to the reviving art industries of Japan. The ruler of Japan was Hideyoshi, one of the many characters in the history who combined opposite qualities. He was a great warrior and a great promoter of the arts of peace: he was magnanimous to defeated enemies, yet revelled in wanton cruelties; he was a wise administrator and a shameless debauchee: he

DANCING GIRLS. SIXTEENTH CENTURY, COURT OF HIDEYOSHI.

surrounded himself with able men, but was unable to give permanent peace to the country or to transmit his power to his descendants. His most trusted lieutenant was Tokugawa Ieyasu, who was his equal in war and his master in intrigue. After Hideyoshi's death, Ieyasu turned against his lord's son, defeated him in battle, destroyed his power, and took the Empire for himself. The Christians in these wars fought loyally on the losing side and suffered the inevitable consequence.

Had Tokugawa Ieyasu been merely a successful soldier his power would have disappeared like that of so many who had preceded him, but he was a statesman of the clearest insight and mastered the situation. He had conquered a peace like many another: unlike them, could he preserve it? He had gained supreme power: could he transmit it to his descendants? He solved both problems with entire success, his peace enduring for two centuries and a half, and his family remaining in power for fifteen reigns. He made the House of Tokugawa unquestionably first in martial power; he gave his men-at-arms rank equal to that of the feudal nobles; he rewarded his chief soldiers and the members of his family with lands and rank, so arranging their fiefs that they controlled all the strategic points; he dispossessed opposing barons, or gave them less important fiefs, or hemmed them in and made them powerless by the disposition of barons bound by firm ties to the fortunes of his house; he treated

the Emperor with respect, but left him without power, forbidding the feudal lords to enter the city where he dwelt; and finally, he forced the barons to maintain mansions in Yedo, the Tokugawa capital, where they were to remain half their time, and where they left members of their families in their absence as hostages. The nobles went to Yedo with retinues of retainers, and at great expense. Were there signs of too great power, they were given exhausting tasks as honours, or other means were found for their impoverishment. The city was like a vast permanent camp, the *Shogun* dwelling secure in the centre, and the barons skilfully arranged as checks upon each other so that no chance for a successful plot or for an insurrection ever came even to the desperate courage of a Japanese.

Thus Ieyasu succeeded where Napoleon failed. The great Frenchman desired to be at the head of a family of kings, to rearrange the map of Europe, to make Paris its capital, and to compel all sovereigns to maintain mansions there for residence a portion of the time. Had he succeeded in his dream Europe too might have enjoyed the advantages of inglorious peace, resting content in submission to sovereign power. But as even a Napoleon did not think of taking the Papal crown, so Ieyasu was content with the substance of power, and did not aspire to be emperor, leaving the Mikado his dignity, his ceremony, and his undisturbed leisure.

The Orient is supposed by many students to want the power of organisation and attention to details, which are held to be the endowments exclusively of the modern Western mind, and, therefore, the success of the Japanese in their conduct of war is thought exceptional and mysterious. We forget the great Oriental empires of the past, and we forget, or do not know, that the reorganisation of Japan in our day with its mastery of modern civilisation and its insight into the situation and its patient attention to details is only a new exhibition of a power manifested repeatedly before, never manifested more clearly than in the reorganisation of the Empire by Ieyasu, a reorganisation which proved its perfectness by its endurance of the tests of two centuries and a half.

The House of Tokugawa was munificent patron of literature, art, and religion. The university was re-established, an indication of a revival of learning. Thenceforth letters were no longer the exclusive possession of priests, but became indispensable to the equipment of the gentleman, so that great schools were formed in the provinces. Chinese philosophy, history, and ethics were reintroduced, and shaped decisively all culture. Yet centuries of study of this foreign learning could not eradicate Japanese peculiarities, but even among the partisans for the strictest Chinese orthodoxy there remained characteristics which could not be transformed, for Japan could not be made Chinese, not even by the most assiduous

study of Chinese literature and the most willing adoption of Chinese ideals.

The nobles vied in the arts of peace as they had competed in the art of war. Etiquette became matter of enactment and ceremony took its place among the greater interests of life. Some of the clans lost their warlike prowess, and others retained it by strenuous endeavour. The past was forgotten as the people came to think of the system under which they lived as if it were ordained by Heaven. A few specialists investigated "ancient matters" and knew the truth, but the Tokugawa family held historical investigation well in hand and permitted results to be made known only within limits. Religion, like the rest, was the instrument of the State. Buddhism never recovered from the effect of the feudal wars, and was unable as in the past to play a great part in the State, for the Tokugawa family endowed the establishment and controlled it. Gentlemen, enlightened by the Chinese philosophy, came to look upon religion as useful in its place, and to be given outward respect, but as having no immediate interest for men who had acquired a loftier guide to life.

Tokugawa Ieyasu had some great successors, but, of necessity, the succession of able men could not be maintained. The family went the way of other Oriental dynasties, it became effeminate, and was hedged around by ceremonies. The *Shogun* was a state prisoner, not knowing the

world, but studying it in toy gardens and villages in his own castle enclosures. He no longer went forth at the head of his retainers to hunt, but was weak in body as in mind. The feudal nobles also were debauched, and their governments were managed by ambitious *samurai*, everywhere with intrigue and the old separation between *de jure* and *de facto* powers. The Government ran on by inertia, machinery taking the place of men, but Ieyasu and his grandson Iemitsu had planned it well. It might have run on still for generations, growing more and more complicated with age, for the forces which opposed the system had no cohesion in any common object. In 1853, however, a new factor entered: the guns of Commodore Perry were heard in Yedo Bay.

The highest achievement of the long period we have so hurriedly reviewed, from the beginning of the feudal wars in the twelfth century, was the formation of the character of the gentleman, the *samurai*. Under the Tokugawa régime the ideal was completed. By heredity he was a soldier, and he was trained to think unhesitating loyalty the chief end of man. For his master no labour nor any sacrifice was too great. To his duties as soldier he added those of administrator, for there was no division of the powers of government, but all were concentrated in this class. Even the control by the nobles was nominal, so that the leading *samurai* were men of affairs accustomed to deal with all the interests of the province.

They constituted also the learned class. In the seventeenth century it is true it was necessary to argue the point and to show that learning is not the province solely of the priest and that it does not make its votaries effeminate, but soon, under the sway of the Tokugawa family, it became a proverb that arms and learning are to the *samurai* like the two wings of a bird. The class numbered perhaps four hundred thousand men, to whom the ideals of loyalty and learning, the habit of command, and the experience of government were by inheritance; naturally they were the leaders as the rulers of the people.

Doubtless too often the ideal was not realised, and high-sounding maxims did not represent the practice, and yet, allowing as everywhere for the difference between the ideal and the real, it was the glory of Japan that it produced the ideal, and that so many men strove worthily to realise it in life.

Something should be added of the influence of the feudal system. It supplied an element of rivalry and kept the stronger clans alert. Some of them never forgot the earlier struggles, nor ceased to regard the House of Tokugawa as their enemy. This relationship supplied in a degree the want of foreign intercourse, keeping alive in its absence the feeling of patriotism. That was, it is true, only devotion to a clan, but it gained in intensity what it lost in breadth. The enforced residence in Yedo was not without its effect,

bringing the representatives of the different clans into contact and supplying opportunities for peaceful rivalry. Thus even during the long period of isolation and peace the empire represented the world in miniature, and supplied itself with the elements found elsewhere in the meeting of nation with nation and of race with race. Still it was in miniature, and the different factions were of one race and of one type, so that progress was meagre, and before the close of the period under review its possibilities had been exhausted. Without contact with other races and ideals further progress could not be.

CHAPTER V

THE AWAKENING

THUS Japan had reached the limits of its possible development under its old ideals and organisation, and needed contact with fresh sources of life. Feudalism controlled by a central autocratic power, religion for the people but subsidised and governed by the State, an orthodox philosophy taught in the schools with divergent teaching forbidden, art and literature and etiquette becoming more and more precise and minute, but without new *motifs* or great movements, a peace so profound that war was only the dim tradition of centuries past, a social system crystallised,—the scheme was complete without so much as a desire for change. Groups of men, here and there, it is true objected to this or that, criticised, from the stores of history showed other systems to be possible or of higher right, but they effected nothing, and no organisation was formed seeking to take their theories into the domain of practical politics.

The self-contentment was so complete that

events from without could disturb it no more than critics within. Early in the nineteenth century, Russia encroached upon the Japanese domain in the North, and finally forced the unequal exchange of Saghalin for the Kurile Islands. Repeatedly British ships came to Japan, the increasing importance of the Pacific Ocean to commerce making isolation impossible, and finally, in part through the Dutch at Nagasaki, and in part through the researches of native scholars, the condition of the Western world was brought to the attention of the Government, but all was without effect. The Government permitted matters to drift, neither fitting itself for effective resistance nor attempting preparation for the new state of things.

For not only had the development possible under the old ideals reached its limits, but, also, the men in control of affairs were no longer competent. The *Shogun* was imbecile, and his counsellors without vigour or high intelligence: the *daimyo* with few exceptions were debauchees without grasp upon government, their higher officials too were like themselves, and the retainers of the *Shogun* were proud, effeminate, fond of luxury, and without martial spirit. The people were oppressed and the officials were corrupt. Religion had long since lost its influence upon the higher classes, and now the priests were immoral and the people indifferent. Even the Chinese philosophy had run its course; still taught in the schools and enforced by law, its fundamental

principles were disputed, and when freedom of opinion was permitted after the opening of Japan, it proved that few really accepted them.

Japan seemed to repeat the story of its past. Awakened by China, it had developed a luxurious and refined civilisation, but in the course of four centuries this had reached its culmination, and soon ran its course, the Government becoming pleasure-loving, corrupt, and imbecile. Then the system vanished, and the nation for centuries worked out a new system through struggle and war. The new system endured for two centuries and a half, bringing again a condition without promise or possibility of progress. Its end must come, either as in the twelfth century by internal war, or by some great impulse from abroad. The only possible alternative was stagnation, and, as in China and still more in Korea, a descent to lower and lower depths.

The impulse, as we know, came from without, when Commodore Perry sailed into Yedo Bay. The authorities were panic-stricken. They could neither resist nor accept the situation, but temporised and compromised in the vain hope that something would turn up. The treaty with Perry was made in 1854, and was followed soon by similar treaties with England, France, and Russia, treaties which were meagre, merely making provision for the succour of distressed vessels and the residence of a foreign agent to see to the carrying out of the articles, but profoundly sig-

nificant as marking the end of the ancient policy and régime. In 1858, Mr. Townsend Harris, the accomplished agent of the United States, succeeded in getting a real treaty of friendship and commerce. Commodore Perry had gained his point by the display of overwhelming force and by threats. Mr. Harris had no ships, but he made his defenceless position his strongest argument For a time he could accomplish nothing, the ministers in Yedo would not so much as see him, and he bemoaned his lonely and purposeless exile. But in China the English and the French were at war with the Chinese, trying to arouse them to the knowledge that the century was the nineteenth and commercial, even at the cannon's mouth. In Japan, Mr. Harris and the Government were watching the progress of events. When the Peiho forts fell and the way was opened for the allies to Pekin, greater were the consequences in Japan than in China. Mr. Harris hurried to Yedo, whither the news had preceded him. He had attentive audience at once, and for six hours spoke to the ministers of the *Shogun*, setting forth the condition of the Western world and urging the acceptance of his treaty. He pointed out the defenceless condition of Japan and asked how it could resist when China was helpless, and he threatened the coming of the allied fleets, when they should finish their present work. He insisted on the advantage of dealing with him, an unarmed man, instead of treating with ambassa-

dors backed by victorious fleets. His arguments were irresistible, and when, later, Europeans followed they accepted his work and made treaties to the same effect.

Thus threats forced back the reluctant gates a little when Perry made his treaty, and threats forced them wider open when Harris, unarmed, gained his point. The Government was irresolute and ill advised. It needed beyond all else strength and straightforwardness. It made the treaties reluctantly, and with the expectation of a return to the old condition a little later on. Some statesmen recognised that a good deal of time might be needed; a very few soon came to see that it were better to cease the effort and to prepare frankly for the new situation. Probably this became the prevailing opinion in the Government, but it faced both ways. It made the treaties with the foreigners, but it repudiated them to the Emperor and to the feudatories. It would not take boldly the responsibility for its course, but temporised and prevaricated. Its one strong man who might have saved the situation was assassinated, and things went from bad to worse.

All the elements of dissatisfaction came to the surface.

The ancient clan jealousies of the House of Tokugawa, nourished by the remote and warlike clans of Choshu and Satsuma, the influence of the little cliques of literary men who had vainly taught that the rule of the *Shogun* was an usurpation, the

ambition of young *samurai* tired of inglorious peace, the discontent of multitudes for varied causes accumulated during the long reign,—all these and more combined with the anti-foreign spirit which, cultivated for three centuries, represented foreign intercourse as preliminary to foreign domination, and foreign residence as a profanation of the lands of the divinities. Patriotism awoke, not now the patriotism of the clan but of the nation. It was something new, for, with Japan as the all, why should one be loyal to it? Even the repulse of the Mongols in the thirteenth century and the invasion of Korea in the sixteenth had been regarded not as national, but as tribal, or, at most, partisan struggles, the nation not yet come to self-consciousness. But now, with a few men, clan loyalty gave place to patriotism, as not this clan nor that, but the nation, seemed at once threatened by the barbarians and disgraced by the craven yielding of the *Shogun*.

The Government was not only double-faced and undecided, but in the crisis it abdicated some of its functions and proved untrue to the fundamental principles of the Tokugawa rule. For example, it attempted to shift the responsibility, once by calling a council of the great feudatories, and again by asking decision by the Emperor. In both instances it reversed the settled policy of its rule, for autocracy was its principle and the Emperor was expressly excluded from sharing in affairs of State, which were all reserved for the

Court of the *Shogun*. With this reference to the Emperor, the position of the *Shogun* became doubly difficult towards the foreigners, it having signed treaties with them as supreme, while now the Emperor denounced the engagements thus entered into, and commanded the expulsion of the barbarians by force. The situation, indeed, was impossible: intrigue, double-dealing, assassinations, civil war, divided counsels everywhere; an end must come, and it all depended upon which party should possess the strongest and clearest-sighted men. Tokugawa was weighed in the balance and found wanting, without wisdom to decide or energy to execute. The Court at Kyoto was equally unable to meet the crisis, being at once without experience and without leaders. The *daimyo*, with very few exceptions, were imbecile, or debauched. The great retainers of the Tokugawa family were like the *daimyo*, hence the natural leaders of the State in its hour of peril could neither see clearly nor act decisively. The regeneration of the nation came from a group of *samurai*.

Two great clans, Satsuma and Choshu, in the west of the Empire, led. They from the beginning of its rule had hated the Tokugawa family, and, farthest from its control, had never come completely under its dominion. Now hatred of the ruling house combined with the desire for the expulsion of the barbarians. But events occurred which proved conclusively that the second part

of the programme was impracticable, and substituted the destruction of the Tokugawa rule for the war upon the foreigners, though for a time the two cries were combined in the rallying of the forces.

In forming their treaties, Perry and Harris used only threats and the show of force; others who succeeded them were not so forbearing. The representatives of the Powers felt themselves surrounded by dangers, in the midst of mysterious complications. The Government was a riddle whose meaning they could not guess, and the *Shogun* seemed to play a game of interminable intrigue. Besides, foreigners were possessed with the notion that Oriental diplomacy cannot be trusted. Mr. Harris only understood the real situation through his sympathy with the people, but he left in 1861, and thenceforth the Powers acted together, with England in the lead. The British Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, describes the East as a bad school for diplomatists, since there are only two classes, the oppressors and the oppressed, and neither he nor his successor had any notion of being included in the second class; hence Japanese intrigue must be met by threats, and its weakness remedied by the application of foreign force.

An Englishman affronted the train of the lord of Satsuma and was promptly cut down by his men-at-arms. The British Government demanded an indemnity from the *Shogun's* Government and

the punishment of Satsuma. The first was paid, but the second demand was beyond the powers of the Government, so the British minister sent a fleet and bombarded the capital of the province and destroyed its fleet. It was a flagrant atrocity, but it taught Satsuma that the Japanese could not cope with the foreigner, but must learn from him if equality were to be attained.

At the command of the Emperor, wrongly invoked by Tokugawa, the Choshu clan fired upon foreign merchantmen sailing through the straits of Shimonoseki. The foreign ministers combined, demanded an indemnity, and bombarded the capital of Choshu. Thus this clan learned its lesson: foremost as it had been in the anti-foreign agitation, it could not expel the barbarians; it must learn from them.

So, finally, these two clans united to punish Tokugawa, and two other powerful and warlike clans, Tosa and Hizen, joined with them. The coalition was brought about by *samurai* who went from clan to clan and talked over the situation, and gained each other's confidence and adherence. It was something unheard of, for in the past no *samurai* would have ventured to intrude upon the domain of another clan. The *daimyo* were won over. The head of the Satsuma clan was promised the shogunate for himself, the lord of Tosa was ready for sacrifices, and the chiefs of the other two provinces ruled only in name. The leaders were a little group of *samurai*, who formed

the Three-Clan League, also called from the first syllables of the clan names, *Sat-Cho-To.*

The leaders were convinced, as we have seen, that resistance to the foreigners was impossible, but none the less they were prepared to risk war for the attainment of their purpose. As a rallying cry, "Expel the barbarians!" was a necessity, and, if forced by necessity, they should be obliged to prove to their followers the impossibility of the task, they were ready for that issue. In the beginning the purpose was merely to substitute the House of Satsuma for the House of Tokugawa and to continue the shogunate. But very speedily it became apparent that the division of the power between the Emperor and the *Shogun* was impossible in the new state of things; therefore the Prince of Satsuma was led to accept an offer of the highest position at the Court of the Emperor and gave his influence henceforth to the unification of the Government. The Prince of Tosa was a far-sighted and patriotic man who entered into the plans of his *samurai* and strongly supported the common cause. The other *daimyo* immediately concerned were imbecile.

The four clans thus combined, uncertain as to details, but determined upon the overthrow of the Government, were successful beyond their highest hopes. The *Shogun*, after a brief resistance, surrendered and abdicated, and though his followers, as a forlorn hope, maintained the struggle for months, they were ultimately overcome. The

British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, first of all the foreign diplomatists to understand the situation, added his influence and the power of the diplomatic corps to the cause of the clans. In 1867 the revolt began—in 1869 the League was in undisputed possession of Japan; in 1871 the feudal system fell and the new political development began. It has been a wonder to the Western world that two hundred and fifty barons should surrender their power and become private citizens, but, after all, the force which brought about this surprising situation was not mysterious, nor was it an act of unique self-sacrifice. The leaders of the Three-Clan League recognised at an early period that their course in overthrowing the shogunate carried with it, by logical necessity, the overthrow of the feudal system. Japan was no longer to be divided into separate principalities with antagonistic interests, but to be united in a common cause and against external foes. It was easier to abolish the feudal system than to reform it, and the conditions already pointed out made the way easy. Some of the barons were offered high honours and greater powers in the new Government; some of them were half imbeciles, and did as their *samurai* urged. After the few great barons were won by promises or cajolery, they became examples to the rest, who, besides, had no real control even over their own provinces. The few who finally resisted the change were threatened with overwhelming force and gave at

last reluctant consent. We should remember that in the feudal system in Japan the Tokugawa family had accustomed the barons to severe penalties; it had been no uncommon thing for a baron to be removed from his fief and given a second of less importance, or even to forfeit his fief altogether. Therefore, excepting in a few instances, the barons did not hold their positions as inalienable, and when, now, by the others in possession of the central Government they were summoned to resign, they followed precedent in their obedience. The barons were pensioned handsomely and, released from the burdensome ceremonial of the feudal system, doubtless enjoyed more of freedom and possibly more of luxury than in other days. Their retainers were disbanded and pensioned, holding only the rank of their fathers, with neither its emoluments nor its rights, and, unfitted by training for the struggle for existence, many became destitute or descended to menial positions. The surrender of the fiefs was not more remarkable than had been the submission of the barons to Ieyasu in the sixteenth century. After the victory of the League and its capture of the Government, no rallying-point for opposition remained. The barons could be dealt with one by one,—with promises, cajolery, or threats,—and to accept the inevitable has been a Japanese characteristic from time immemorial.

With the shogunate and the feudal system overthrown, it was necessary that the prevailing

sentiment, which was still hostile to foreigners, should be transformed. The *samurai* had been rallied, as we have seen, with the cry, "Expel the barbarians!" They were now to be taught that the foreigners were not barbarians, but were fitted to be the teachers of the nation. The leaders of the clans, themselves quick to perceive the necessities of the situation, believed that the same lesson would suffice for their followers. The Government on various pretexts sent parties of influential *samurai* from all parts of Japan to America and Europe. They learned their lesson at a glance and, returning to Japan, became centres of enlightenment, so that a great propaganda began. The motives which prompted it were clear. The recognition of the vast progress which the West had made during the last three centuries, and their consequent inferiority, caused a resolution to make themselves the peers of the most enlightened peoples of the world. When foreigners had come to Japan in the sixteenth century, the Japanese were their equals, but now, after this long period, foreigners were so far in advance that the Japanese felt impelled to put forth all their strength to overtake them in the race. But still more influential was the recognition of the overwhelming military and naval superiority of Western nations. Indeed, the alternative was simple—We must learn from the foreigners or we must submit to them. In the presence of that situation, the course could not be doubtful. With intelligence keen enough

to realise their exact position and the remedy for it, patriotism supplied the energy which was necessary. The leaders were young and full of confidence in themselves and in the capacity of the people; what the Westerners had accomplished in three hundred years they would do in thirty—no task was great enough to daunt them, and each man seemed to feel that the regeneration of Japan had been put upon himself; so that a new period of knightly enterprise began, with books in place of swords and Western science in place of foreign territories to conquer. Not an impecunious student of them all would admit that he was studying for any purpose save to fit himself to serve his country. Students by hundreds left Japan without resources or money, but with sublime faith in their own capacities to meet whatever strange situation foreign lands might possess, in the readiness of foreign peoples to bid them welcome and aid them in their way, and in their intellectual power to cope with all the intricacies and problems of modern science. Many of them died in the enterprise,—possibly even a foreign campaign would have been no more costly,—but many succeeded and, going back to Japan, became leaders in the regeneration of their countrymen.

Foreigners also were brought from America and Europe to Japan and institutions in great variety were speedily established. It was a period of hastily devised plans and imperfect methods, so that critics charged the people with being super-

ficial, and indeed plan followed plan and method was superseded by method with astonishing rapidity. But, in an age of experiment, experiments you must have, and the Japanese were experimenting at once with foreign teachers and with varying foreign ideals and with the tremendous task of transforming their own civilisation: all were learners together, rulers and ruled alike, and the plans which were to stand could be developed not in the quiet of the scholar's study, but in the midst of the turmoil of actual life. The strange fact is that so few mistakes were made and that on the whole the successful substitution of methods was for the better, until at last universities, schools, systems of shipping, of transportation, of banking, of police, of the postal service, and all the varied activities connected with the Government were fairly comparable to their prototypes in Western lands. Perfection, of course, was far from being attained and shortcomings in all departments remained, but that such astonishing advance could be made is the wonder of our age. And it was possible because in all the changing methods one purpose remained fixed—to place Japan in the foremost rank of the greatest nations of the earth.

Early in the movement one set of influential men from Satsuma withdrew its support from the Government and started a counter-revolution. It was speedily suppressed, in 1877, and its leader perished. Another group afterwards withdrew,

forming an opposite party, determined to make the Government itself not only progressive, but constitutional after the English fashion. The centre of this "liberal party," as it called itself, was in Tosa. Its plans were summed up by its leader something as follows: "In the old days our gentlemen were equal to the gentlemen of Western lands, and to-day I am confident that they can acquire all that Western educated men have acquired, but my visit to the West convinced me that the common people there are vastly superior to our own. Here in Japan gentleman and commoner have been separated by an impassable gulf; customs, language, religion, rights—all have been different; but no nation can attain the highest success which is dependent upon the patriotism and the intelligence of a class; only one great purpose is worthy of Japan, viz., to make the commons the equals of the *samurai*—not by degrading the latter, but by elevating the former. We would make all people in Japan equals in education, in civil rights, and in their share in the Government, and we would instil the same loyalty which in the past has been felt only by the gentleman."

The liberal party was not the only upholder of these views, for to this end the Government established its common schools and compelled attendance; completed its graded system of national education from kindergarten to university, and in all taught the principles of patriotism and devoted

loyalty to country. Therefore the generation of men who are now in mature life, trained in these schools, no longer remember the state of things when only the gentleman had rights and patriotism, and the common people cowered before his ever-ready sword.

In the transformation of Japan naturally enough the *samurai* have taken the lead; the victorious clans filled the public offices with their followers and their friends, all the great officers of State and their subordinates, the officers of the army and the navy, the entire police force of the Empire, most of the teachers in the public schools, the men in control of the Government systems of railways and of steamboats were of this order; thus provision was made at once for tens of thousands of men who otherwise would have been set adrift upon the world, and their loyalty and intelligence were enlisted for the new régime. The centralised form of government concentrated upon itself the loyalty which before had been given to the barons, and the intelligence which had been employed in the government of the petty principalities, and, more than this, through its common schools and its endowment of the common people with civil rights, it added to the loyalty of the *samurai* the enlightened devotion of the vast multitude of the people.

It is not our purpose to recount the swift changes, for the result of thirty years of devoted labour is known to all. On the hardest of fields,

where no excuses are accepted and where no indulgence is given, Japan proves her reorganisation to be complete, as she shows that she has acquired the art of modern war on land and sea. Martial by heredity and taught a soldier's creed, that the Japanese should be brave is natural, but that they should have mastered the art of military organisation and perfected its details is a surprise to the Western mind; but such a mastery of details is only a continuance of the same process which, under the Tokugawa Government, perfected the feudal system, and gave peace to Japan for almost three hundred years.

In the nature of the case the reformation was possible only through the help of foreigners, men of many nationalities and many gifts. On the whole, Japan was well served and faithfully. Army, navy, the departments of Government, the postal service, commercial enterprises, the educational system, agriculture, medicine, manufactures, architecture, religion, even distinctively Japanese art and the work of the artisan and the study of Japanese literature, history, and grammar, were all influenced, and in some cases completely reorganised by foreign residents. How large and efficient was the service rendered will never be known, for as matter of course the foreigner is ignored and forgotten, and the honour is for the people shrewd enough to engage his services. Yet here, too, history repeats itself, for who remembers the Italians who helped the great

Mogul to decorate Agra and Delhi, or the multitudes of men who have added lustre in all lands and times to alien Courts? If one seeks fame or permanent recognition it must be among men of his own blood, for even after distinguished services abroad he remains an alien, unless, completely identified with the people he serves, he loses his old nationality in the new. Then, though he may make a lasting place for himself, it is at the cost of remembrance in his native land.

If Japan knows well how to employ foreigners and to profit by their aid, it knows also how to dispense with them. Engagements are short, seldom for more than three years, with renewals only from year to year, and no hesitation in ending the engagements if a better or more promising candidate for the situation can be found. I know of no instance where a foreigner has been given power. He can only advise a native who is in control, a control made independent of foreign advice at the earliest moment. The intense earnestness shown by students, the eagerness with which they gave themselves to their tasks, and their impatience with the ordinary processes of education, came in part from their anxiety to rid themselves of foreign tutelage, for Japan for the Japanese was their guiding principle.

Naturally such attempts sometimes came too soon, and an impression of superficiality and self-assertion was made on critics. Nor is it strange that Japanese and foreigner did not agree as to

the time when the former was able to get on without the latter. The foreign community could never be brought to see that its members had ceased to be indispensable, so when the control of the post-office went completely into native hands we should never get our mails, and when the English engine-drivers were sent home we should never ride from Yokohama to Tokyo in safety, and when the army and navy foreign missions were given up efficiency would end. Above all, when extra-territoriality should be surrendered, justice would for ever fail. So foreigners prophesied, and one still meets residents of the East who cannot restrain their bitter criticism of the self-assertion, superficiality, and self-conceit of the Japanese. The front of the offending is that in their own land they claim for themselves what Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen take as matter of course, control of their own affairs and of the foreigners within their bounds. We Occidentals are so accustomed to rule not only ourselves but all others, and to assert so unhesitatingly our superiority, that we are amazed at the self-conceit of another race which dares to treat us as equals. Judged by his own estimate of his services, the foreigner has had neither honour nor emolument sufficient, he has been dismissed while still his services were needed, and his labours have been reckoned to the credit of his employer, but, judged by the treatment the foreigner receives in other alien lands from men

of his own colour and blood, he has fared as others fare, and the Japanese have been considerate, faithful to their engagements, and ready to render a modest modicum of honour when it is due.

One cannot pass over the service of missionaries, especially when one has been a missionary himself for fifteen years. Some would have us think the reformation has been due to their labours chiefly, and others that they have accomplished nothing. We already know the forces which brought about Japan's transformation, and we can readily understand that these forces carried with them a large opportunity for the missionaries, an opportunity which was seized eagerly. For when the ports, in 1859, were opened to foreign residents, missionaries were waiting to enter them. Nor were they men of inferior attainments and talents, but worthy representatives of the great Churches which sent them.

In Japan they were not of it: a law forbade the profession of their religion, and prejudice hindered their access to the people. Only after the revolution was there opportunity for open work, and during the intervening years they were criticised for doing nothing. But they learned the language, wrote a dictionary, and broke down prejudice. One of them, Dr. Verbeck, gained the confidence of the rulers of the Empire, and in high positions rendered Japan services which were greatly esteemed and are gratefully remembered ; another, Dr. Hepburn, gained a national reputation as a

skilful physician and a broad-minded philanthropist, and a third, to mention no more, Dr. S. R. Brown, trained a group of young men who have been prominent in many positions of influence.

After the prohibition of Christianity was repealed, in 1872, and as the people turned to the West for guidance and instruction, the missionaries were overwhelmed with students and inquirers. Their students and the first converts were *samurai*, so that they exerted an influence quite out of proportion to their numbers. Soon native churches were established and a native Christian literature created. In all walks of life Christians were found, but especially among the educated, so that in the Diet, on the newspaper press, in official positions, in schools, and in literature they have made their mark. For not only were the first converts students, but many men who went to America and England came back Christians.

The results have been many. Congregations have been organised, a Christian literature has been written, Christian schools have been established, and the varied activities of the Church set going. In all excepting, perhaps, the education of girls, the Japanese are in the lead, and the foreigner, as in other departments, is helper and not director. But beyond these direct results an influence has been exerted on public morals, creating a new sentiment as to woman, as to the claims of the sick and the outcast, and, in general, exciting activity in philanthropic labours for the better-

ment of the suffering and the distressed. Besides, Buddhism has been forced to new life and a measure of reformation, as it follows the Church in establishing associations for young men, schools, philanthropic societies, and even foreign missions. A most thoughtful and widely read man,—thoroughly versed in Eastern literature as in Western philosophy, science, and theology,—at once a Christian and a fine representative of the genius and the traditions of Japan, tells me that the highest gift of our religion is the awakening of the personality. The universe, to the East, has been a vast system and man its highest, though temporary, expression. But, to the Christian, man gains a new value—as the child of the eternal Father.

In religion as in all else one hesitates to prophesy, but if we may judge from the past and from our knowledge of Japanese nature, we may venture to predict that Christianity will win large and direct success only as there arises some native apostle who shall command the confidence and excite the enthusiasm of his countrymen. Already there are competent leaders who have proved what men of self-sacrificing devotion and of strong personality can accomplish, but the turning of the nation to Christianity can be the work only of a Japanese St. Paul, Luther, or Wesley.

The new Japan is not picturesque like the old: the foreign costume is still ill-made and awkwardly worn, the old castle walls fall into decay,

the feudal mansions are replaced by ugly barracks, and two-sworded *samurai* no longer swagger in the streets; the dual Government with its mystery is gone, and the *daimyo* are unromantic men of wealth living in new houses built in a semi-foreign style. The romance disappears, but instead there is the throbbing young life with its chivalry and patriotism, as intense as ever the fathers felt. Transitions are unlovely, but in this bustling, unpoetic new Japan is the promise of better things than old Japan has ever known.

CHAPTER VI

BUDDHISM : THE RELIGION OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

WE have briefly sketched the development of the people as a background, and now we shall attempt to penetrate a little into their life, seeking to understand their thoughts and to know their feelings. In the new Japan the old persists, and we shall start with it, the untouched life which still runs on as in the centuries gone by. Let us begin with the Buddhist religion, as throughout the whole history it has been pre-eminent in furnishing the form and fashion in which Japanese life has shaped itself.

Buddhism has covered Japan with its temples and fills the air with the melody of its sweet-toned bells; its influence has pervaded all society, and its impress on the national character remains. It came to the Empire in the formative period of the nation's life, winning its way without serious rivalry and with all external conditions favourable —Korea and China, literature, art, and civilisation were its allies, and kings and princes were its foster-fathers.

Buddhism is divided into two great parts, the Northern and the Southern School, more divergent than are Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. The Northern School, called by itself the Great Vehicle, is very different from the primitive faith, and Japanese Buddhism is of the Great Vehicle—farthest in geographical position from the source and most divergent in its forms, Indian, Thibetan, Chinese, and Japanese changes concealing Gautama's teaching. His very name takes inferior place in the list of gods and Buddhas, and a glance about the temples shows the eclectic character of the faith. Here are the gods of that old faith which Gautama sought to destroy, Brahma, Indra, and many more rising victorious within the temples of the hostile faith. With these are Buddhas many, unhistoric and unreal, usurping the place of the historic Buddha, Gautama of India. Then come the Bodhisattva, creatures wholly alien to the early creed and subversive of its most distinctive features; two of these, the thousand-armed Kwanon and Amida, having the greatest throngs of worshippers. And last are native gods, heroes, foxes, ancient emperors, strange trees, curious stones, and divine mountains, with sun and moon and divinities of the kitchen and the gate, and others innumerable dividing the worship and the gifts. As the priest in a temple in Nikko said one day: "Our sect is liberal, yes, we worship all—your Jesus as willingly as the rest." The worship has many varieties: ordi-

narily the devotee is content with bowing his head, clapping his hands, repeating a prayer in an unknown tongue, and throwing a coin into a box. Sometimes groups of worshippers gather with common prayer and chantings to the noise of drums, with the use of incense and processionals. Much dependence is placed on magic formulæ and charms; the reading of sacred books gains a "merit," as do rounds of worship in designated temples; there are pilgrimages to famous shrines and mountains with a series of festivals. Sometimes the festivals last for days, when all the attractions of the worship are in full force; the temples and surrounding groves crowded with thousands, combining picnic with pilgrimage. On fixed days sermons are preached, listened to by women and the aged; priests in their robes go around the streets, droning prayers, ringing bells, and seeking pious alms.

Few of the worshippers know the meaning of the rites, and it is "like people like priest." Only the elect of the brotherhood really understand their creed, and gaining information by inquiry is wearisome, the answers being so uniformly wrong. The many sects differ more than even our Christian denominations; some worship all of the Buddhas, the Indian gods and the native saints; some worship only Amida, Buddha of Boundless Light; some are saved by the painful way of works, and some gain heaven by the single repetition of a prayer. Some hold forth Nirvana as the reward

THE APPROACH TO THE SHRINE. NIKKO.

of holiness, and some promise a sensuous paradise in return for faith; some accept the interminable Chinese canon, some are content with a single book, and some hold all learning vain; some are philosophical, some trust to vacant contemplation, and some praise ignorance. There are orthodox and reformed Buddhists; the orthodox reject wealth, meat, marriage, and speak of Nirvana; the reformed marry, eat as they please, and expect a paradise. In all the sects, however, the noble eightfold path has been largely overgrown and the ethical influence is inconsiderable. At an early period indeed the Buddhists in China adopted the Confucian ethics, in spite of the fact that the antagonism between the two systems is irreconcilable, for Buddhism chiefly comes to mean withdrawal from the active duties of every day, and acceptance of an existence devoted to rites or contemplation, while the Chinese morality insists upon the importance of the common life. There are no sacraments, there are no priests in the proper sense, for as men devoted to the way of salvation, the only influence of the monks upon the multitude is from their willingness to help men to gain merit by receiving alms. Rigid Buddhists, laymen, maintain a careful account with themselves of merits and demerits, a system of religious bookkeeping, striking the balance at the close of the year being the chief part of their sacred activity.

The system of Buddhism in the beginning of

the Tokugawa régime lost much of its influence over educated men and became for them only a system of burial and other rites. For the common people it remained, and still remains to-day, without dogma, without moral teaching, without much appeal to the intelligence, but with a large appeal to the æsthetic sensibilities. Nowhere, perhaps, have the accessories of religion been more carefully studied, and in no other land is the result more attractive to the sense. Here is nothing repulsive, and the art of an artistic people finds in the places of worship its highest expression. It is difficult to realise that after all the creed is exotic, so suited is it to its environment. There have been action and reaction, and Buddhism is of all religions most responsive to outward influences, yet in all the general type remains the same.

Its philosophy, mysterious and agnostic, is a dreamy idealism which gives up the search for origins as unattainable and contents itself with phenomena. It cares nothing for logic, but is at once mystic and philosophical, its system discovering itself only to diligent search, with always room for debate as to its meaning. In its thoroughgoing historic forms it binds itself to no sharp definitions, but is all things to all men, though a certain adherence to type must be recognised. Its background is unchanging fate. The universe follows law: there are birth, growth, strength, decay, and resolution again into the primitive elements, for the world has its birth, growth, maturity,

and death, like men, and after death is chaos, and then the endless round begins again.

"That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is nothing new under the sun." Not only does the universe follow for ever the same general laws, but the particulars are repeated in detail, so that there is constant revolution, but no lasting or real progress. States and individuals repeat the same old story; in the world age which is to come the history of our age shall repeat itself, as we but play over again the drama that has been played an hundred times before. "One generation goeth and another generation cometh, the sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down and hasteth to his place where he ariseth; the wind moveth toward the south and thither up into the north; it turneth about continually in its course and the wind returneth again into its circuits; all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; into the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again." Ecclesiastes sounds like a Buddhist *sutra*. But the Indian system does not stop with this material world; heaven and hell and the gods and devils share in the ceaseless and fruitless round; there is no eternal good, there is no eternity, but only everlasting change. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; vanity of vanities, all is vanity. All things are full of weariness, man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." This is the

beginning of wisdom, a good understanding shall they have that keep its precepts. Man is part of this fleeting world and is combined of offensive impurities; he is full of decay and death; let him consider his end and his strength will be an offence to him and his beauty but the witness to a sepulchre. The longest prosperity is a dream and the highest hope ends in death. Man is "such stuff as dreams are made on" "and the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve, and like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind." The impermanence of all is the alpha and omega of philosophy, and this philosophy is the guide of life.

Children may amuse themselves with passing toys, but men seek permanent possessions; how shall their desires be gratified since all things pass away, and not in this world only, but in that which is to come; for if we heap heaven on heavens, and heavens on top of these, and express their duration by millions of years until our imagination is exhausted, yet the end must come: even the highest and most spiritual sphere of all is part of the universal change. The ages there are passed in bliss, but what passes, however long, at last is past; so the highest good is relative, for who knows what decree of fate may hurl the gods into hell itself? Why, then, should man be deceived by this borrowed lodging which he calls his own or struggle for its happiness, since he must go on his way so soon? so the motive that incites to pursuit of hap-

piness is cut as we learn the impossibility of attaining it, and we turn away from life itself.

Life comes from desire, so that if we cease to fear evil or to desire good, we shall cease to exist. The Buddha only is enlightened, since he learns this truth not merely for himself, but points out the path that leads to its attainment. Salvation is not from sacrifice or prayers; the gods cannot give it, since they need it as really as do men; the Buddha himself cannot bestow it, but can only point out the way. Men must save themselves by the noble eightfold path—right doctrine, right purpose, right tasks, right actions, right living, right exertion, right memory, right meditation. Those who walk this path must break away from home and family and live as monks. Should all accept the truth, the business of the world would stop at once and the race would die.

But men who cannot thus at once leave all can only hope for a future happier birth, when they can fulfil the law, and the ethics of Buddha are not the only means by which salvation can be attained. To feed a Buddha is better than to spend a life in toilsome obedience, and even to feed a priest is far more than giving alms to a common man; to listen to a Buddhist is to gain a merit, otherwise unattainable, but the light grows dim as the ages pass. While Gautama was alive thousands believed on him, but after his extinction the word, though it still had power, grew less and less as time went on until at last all

saving power has gone and none attains salvation: but by and by, when things are at their worst, another Buddha shall come and the round begin again.

Men's deeds go from age to age; there is no soul, but in endless incarnations the sum of all our acts lives on and finds fit embodiment again in horrid shapes as insects, snakes, or devils, or it may live again in angel forms; down in an unending line through ages and through worlds for ever goes the product of our lives, and we ourselves are the product of those who have preceded us, our place and character fixed by the unchanging decree of law. There is a spiritual atavism, for law sometimes suspends the execution of its decree and happiness may seem to follow an evil life, but it is only the postponed reward of past virtue, and punishment is sure to strike relentlessly in the future; thus the saint may dwell in the highest heaven only to be hurled down at last to hell in consequence of long-past misdeeds.

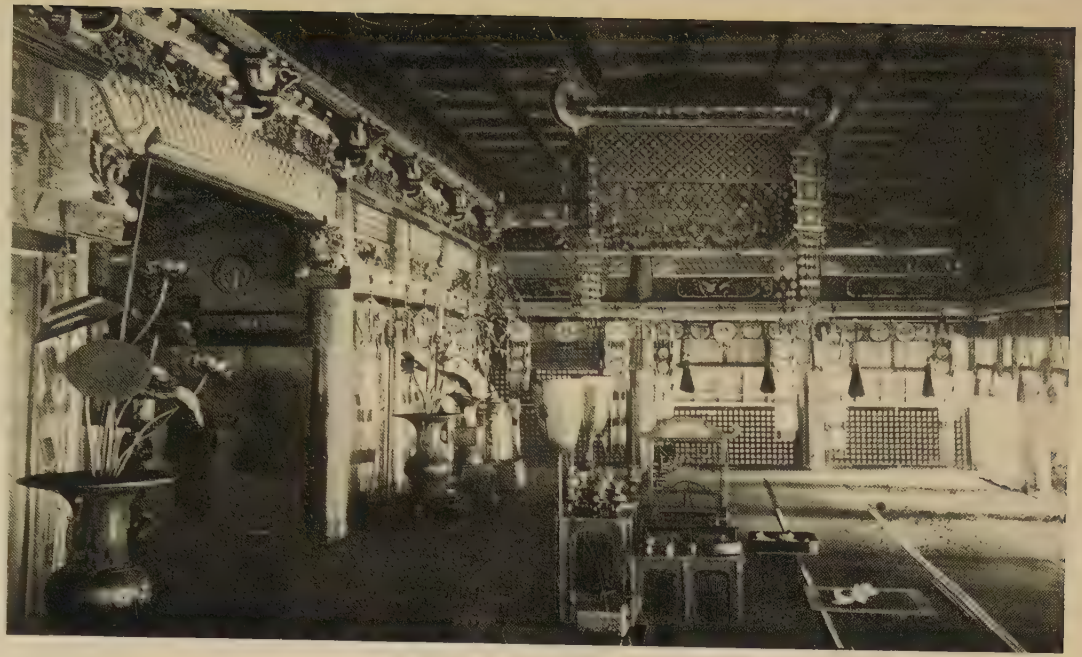
The greatest sect in Japan in the number of its adherents turned away from all this system, its founder gave up even the worship of the historic Buddha and substituted a mythological being; indeed, so transformed was the faith that not a single characteristic feature was left untouched; Amida, Buddha of boundless light, has never been on earth and yet, so infinite is his merit and compassion, that a single repetition of his name gives salvation. This salvation is to no mysteri-

ous and transcendent Nirvana, but to a paradise in the West where all is happiness. In the Middle Ages this sect was foremost in war, joining politics to religion; its leaders are the most unpriestly, and of late years it has shown the most vitality, building new temples and sending its missionaries to Korea and its students to Oxford; its priests marry, and its devotees send concubines as gifts to the head of their sect.

Let us visit a Buddhist temple and see it at its best. The misty rain drifts unceasing past and we catch dimly through the rifts in the clouds the rushing torrent far below; waterfall and river and waving pines mingle their soft voices with the endless drip from roof and balcony; the matted floor yields no sound when trodden by shoeless feet; the translucent slides are pushed aside, and nothing separates the world within from the world without. As we rest motionless upon the mats there floats upon the curtained air the soft, deep tones of a mighty temple bell; it speaks to us of sorrow, of the fleeting world, and bids us compose ourselves for quiet contemplation. Slowly the curtain rises before our eyes, but hangs motionless, giving a passing glimpse of time and sense and this unreal, mysterious, phantom earth. We are resting in the dwelling of a priest, a low, one-storied cottage; its tiny rooms are partitioned by opaque screens, sliding in polished grooves; its fine-grained wood ceiling is upheld by polished wooden posts, and on the floor are clean white

mats. In the alcove at the farther end hangs a verse of poetry and on the shelf beside it rests a vase with a branch of a flowering tree; beyond the polished veranda is a quiet garden, stones and walks and trees and flowers arranged to lead the mind to sacred thought.

Going out through the garden by a rustic gate into the green lane, with high, thick hedge on either side and towering pines above and dripping ferns in sheltered nooks or clinging to decaying walls of stone, we see, back amid the trees, the deep red of the temple walls and the long sweep of its great tiled roof. Within a heavy gateway is a gravelled court with rows of great lanterns, made of bronze and stone, mortuary monuments, and queer, misshapen pines peep over a narrow wall. An elaborately carved gateway, the posts enormous dragons, gives entrance to a smaller court beyond, where is the temple, decorated in gilt and lacquer, with flowers and leaves and birds and beasts minutely carved. Within the temple are shrines and images and brocaded hangings and smoking incense and deep-toned drums and silver bells and shaven priests and worshippers. We wait until the prayers are said, and after the chanting is ended and the worshippers are gone and the missals restored to their lacquered boxes we still rest and wait, recalling the long, strange history embodied in the ceremony we have seen and in the building in which we rest. Talking to the priest, he asked us:



A TEMPLE IN NIKKO. INTERIOR.

"Do you believe in the divinity of Christ?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Ah, of course, you are quite correct, He is God."

"So then you agree with me and are a Christain?"

"Of course not, and so, therefore, Jesus is not God."

"Oh, I understand you perfectly; everything is in our thought and as we think it; and Jesus is and is not divine, as you believe or as I. In the fullest sense the world is my idea and exists only in my thought."

"I see you have studied our philosophy and I am pleased at so good an interpretation."

"But it seems to me there is one difficulty: if everything is as we think it, we have no test of truth, and things at the same time actually are and are not. Your belief is self-destructive, for surely I may deny it as you affirm it."

"Self-destructive—of course it is; so is all reason and all logic; that is my contention, there is no absolute test of truth and no proof of reasoning. If you have gone so far as to see this truth, you may very well become a Buddhist."

Heaven and hell and Amida and his boundless pity, and Gautama and his noble eightfold path, exist only in believing thought,—that is the esoteric teaching of the Great Vehicle; while for the common man there are *ho-ben*, pious fictions, parables told as truth and left unexplained, lead-

ing men by hopes and fears to do right. Thus Buddhism is a religion for the masses and an idealistic philosophy for the initiated few.

The earnest men among the priests seek attainment, some of them by contemplation, with long-continued austerities and innumerable rites; some of them by attempts to understand their system, striving to reduce its contradictions to harmony and its confusions to order. Some are teachers of the young, though this vocation has been given up with the introduction of the new educational system; others are preachers to the people, and few of them are practical helpers of their fellow-men. The idlers and the immoral are in the vast majority, and people in general hold them in slight esteem. But Buddhism in Japan has also felt the new life and is slowly undergoing a transformation, to what end no one is bold enough to prophesy.

The strength of the Buddhist faith in Japan has been not in ethics but in æsthetics—it gave a new charm to life as it brought the Continental civilisation with the arts, and also an artistic atmosphere; it takes reality away, putting moonlight for the bright, hot sun ; it adds the thought of a mysterious world to come with hopes and fears; it builds temples and displays a curious paraphernalia; it has grace and gentleness, and appeals to contemplation and repose; it ministers to a certain element in our common humanity.

The common people, as we have seen, never

understood its dogmas, but they worshipped in its temples as at Shinto shrines. The same indiscriminating worship of the marvellous continues in our age—the simple country people have been known to stop before the first house built in European style which they have seen, bow their heads, clap their hands in prayer, offering, as to shrines, the fortieth part of a cent, and pass on. And they come in groups into Christian churches with the same acts of reverence. As they do not understand the symbols before their eyes, there remains for them chiefly—as ever when symbols take the place of thought—a crude idolatry. Doubtless something of the teaching has penetrated their minds—a belief in a future life of rewards and punishments and a mild faith in the efficacy of certain rites.

As Buddhism has incorporated the ancient Shinto with itself, so, in the belief of the people, there remain also superstitions more ancient than either of these religions—hypnotic trances, mind-reading, second sight, magic, charms, possession by demons, by foxes, by badgers—traditions of strange, uncanny beasts, and odd survivals of primitive beliefs long since disowned. But, through some inherent virtue, these superstitions are not taken seriously enough to affect the prevailing contentment and do not influence life greatly excepting for a few abnormally constituted individuals. The emotional character of the Japanese shows itself in the formation from time to time

of new sects and religions, variously compounded from Shinto, Buddhist, and Confucian sources, with, in the latest, some traces of Christian influence. The sects flourish for a time, attracting multitudes of followers, and then disappear as speedily and more silently than they came.

In the ancient world heaven and earth were not widely separated, nor have the religious and the secular been held distinct by the people. There has been no such conception formed as that of mediæval Christendom, of a supernatural sphere let down out of heaven on our common earth. Indeed, the very distinction between mind and matter is not clear, for, from one point of view the mind is itself material and, from another, matter is of the mind. So, too, with the religious and the secular, it depends upon our attitude, for natural and supernatural are not distinct nor opposite, but, after all, only varying aspects of the same great facts. None the less, the supernatural has been used in Japan, as elsewhere, by unscrupulous priests as means for impressing the imagination of the common people.

The first great victory of the Buddhist faith over the masses was won when an ingenious priest in the ninth century A.D. declared that the ancient gods and heroes were incarnations of Buddha, and from that day the priests have been skilful in the invention of parables and wonders for the instruction of the ignorant. But such means, however efficacious for their immediate purpose, are full

of dangers; and so the Buddhists themselves discovered, for ultimately the educated men of the Empire broke with the faith and formed a new religion in the form of a rational philosophy.

As we have stated, Buddhism made conquest of Japan when it compromised with Shinto, and swallowed it. The plain temples of the native faith were filled with the elaborate utensils of the new cult, and the native gods were adopted as incarnations of the Indian saint. But with the downfall of the Tokugawa House an attempt was made to reinstate Shinto in its simplicity. So the shrines were emptied of images and stripped of ornaments, for the Shinto temple is simply the ancient cottage slightly improved. It is small, with thatched roof, and a tiny veranda on the four sides. Within is only a mirror, but neither image, nor picture, nor ornament. And the doctrine is as empty as the shrine: there is none. Different deities are worshipped in different localities and at different times, and there are archaic rites, with simple offerings of grains and grave obeisances. The priests neither preach nor celebrate sacraments, nor are instructed in theology, nor are guides in morals. They are not really priests, but laymen, who lead in the sacred rites and repeat the hymns.

Essentially it is the worship of the marvellous, so one finds a shrine wherever there is a wonder, a strange tree or stone, a waterfall, a cave, a high mountain peak. And it is associated with the

mysteries of existence, with the processes of nature, with death, and even with the simple life at home. But it has no teaching, being simply the expression of reverence. Thus there have been debates as to whether the rites are really worship or only the natural expression the people feel in the presence of the great and wonderful. So the Government would have it, since it has taken Shinto for its rites and requires participation from officials in the ceremonies, though religious liberty is decreed in the Constitution.

In the palace the ceremony is very simple. At dawn boughs of a sacred tree are laid before the shrines, and sticks of incense are prepared. Then, after offerings of cloth and grains, the Emperor enters, takes a bough, waves it, bows his head, lights a stick of incense, repeats a prayer, and retires. Essentially the service is the same for all, and many take part in it as a mere custom, without meaning and without denying other beliefs.

As undogmatic Buddhism has given a certain complexion to life, making common a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, so has Shinto become associated with the divinity of the State, and its rites the expression of patriotism. Possibly it is not less powerful, in that it has no doctrines to be doubted and no laws to be violated, but is purely emotional—the most primitive form of the religious instinct surviving among civilised peoples. It can seek no converts, and its votaries do not try to understand its meaning. Its legends

may be taken for fairy tales—or forgotten—its deities may be recognised as the forces of nature or as the spirits of ancestors—and participation in its rites may be explained as simple conformity to immemorial custom, and yet its essential spirit remains—an unreasoning wonder and reverence in the presence of the marvels of heaven and earth and man.

CHAPTER VII

CONFUCIANISM: THE RELIGION OF EDUCATED MEN

THE Renaissance in the seventeenth century separated still more widely the gentry and the common people, for the *samurai*, adding letters to arms, made his superiority more unapproachable. The merchant, farmer, and artisan studied just enough to meet the simple requirements of their daily task and did not trouble themselves with literature but, to the *samurai*, letters became a lifelong pursuit. The mastery of the ideographs was an unending task, and to this were added philosophy, history, and ethics. In their own way many men were highly accomplished and, as no high duty laid upon them the teaching of their countrymen, to the pride of birth they joined the pride of scholarship. Their learning was of the old-fashioned sort, with tendencies to pedantry, and pedantic many of them became, talking an idiom more removed from common speech than was ever Johnsonese. Language, purpose, modes of life and thought, social position, separating them from

their countrymen, only one other difference was possible, a difference of religion, and this came in time. It is true that the Tokugawa family was friendly to the Buddhists, the priests were befriended, the temples endowed, and the Christians extirpated. Yet soon Buddhism ceased to be the teacher of the nation. With peace came a revival of learning, and another great wave of foreign influence rolled across the people. This time it was the modern Chinese philosophy and ethics. Again the higher classes yielded and the lower resisted. Confucianism came to rule the intelligence of the nation and Buddhism became the religion of the lowly, relegated to the position it had given Shinto a thousand years before.

It was another Confucianism, not the ancient ally of Buddhism. It aimed no longer chiefly at polity, but sought to explain the deep problems of existence. It had become a philosophy, a religion, and its alliance with Buddhism and Taoism had given place to bitter antipathy and contempt.

It was in the eleventh century of our era that the new philosophy arose in China, when a group of schoolmen arose dissatisfied with the earlier unsystematic exposition of the Confucian ethics. They transformed the group of aphorisms and precepts into an ontological philosophy. As the schoolmen of Europe mingled elements drawn from Grecian and Oriental philosophy with the teaching of Christ and the apostles, so did these of China construct their system of heterogeneous

material, Confucian, Buddhist, and Taoist. The last two, Buddhism and Taoism, were vehemently rejected as heretical, though the indebtedness to their mysticism, metaphysics, and cosmology was none the less real. As the school philosophy ruled European thought for centuries and the school theology was the medium through which the teaching of Christ was dimly seen, so did scholasticism rule in the Far East, becoming the orthodox philosophy and the orthodox interpretation of the words of Confucius. To disregard this scholasticism and to seek to understand the thought of the East from the texts of Confucius and Mencius is as if we should ignore the whole development of philosophy and theology in Europe and consider the synoptic gospels as having satisfied the West for eighteen hundred years.

This philosophy became authoritative in China and, in spite of protests and dissent, still maintains its ancient place. It only is orthodox. In Japan, too, it was adopted as authoritative and all other teaching was forbidden. The ages of Buddhist faith came to an end and intelligent men accepted the pantheistic doctrine which called itself by the name of China's ancient sage.

The problem of philosophy was to find the changeless in the midst of change. The impermanence of all things is the first of Buddhist truths, and as Confucius stood by the flowing river he, too, exclaimed: "All is like that. Day or night it ceases not!"

Wind and sunshine, form and life, the matter and structure of the world itself, all pass away. The inner world, too, thought, feeling, love, hate, ambitions, hopes, our conscious selves, all are as the clouds which form and disappear. Push investigation never so far, ask how the worlds were made from that which does not appear, and to the farthest limit there is constant change. From chaos to cosmos and back to cosmos again, in never-ending circles is no abiding-place, but only transformations endless, with no place, or time, or thing, or being apart from it.

Does Buddhism then rightly teach that the world is all a deception, a mirage? Are sorrow and joy, truth and falsehood, good and evil inseparably joined, and is it the beginning of wisdom to learn that all is a dream, "without a world to dream of or a soul to dream"?

No, Buddhism is wrong. All does not pass away. From the beginning, from the limitless which preceded the ultimate limit, in all changes there has remained unchanged a "Way," a law, a truth, an order. It abides eternal. It does not become, it is. It is the true substance of all. To know it is wisdom, and to obey it virtue.

There is cosmic order, though all things change. Change itself submits to law. Even in chaos there is law, and so when the full time has come chaos turns slowly to cosmos, as cosmos, when its time has run away, returns to formlessness.

Logically law precedes change, for change itself follows law, but in time both are for ever. There is no change without law, and no law save in change. Neither precedes or outlasts the other. Law is immanent and never is by or of itself, for it is not an abstract, empty thought, but always is embodied— the two, the changing and the unchangeable, for ever knit in one.

There is no creation but an unending process. When the classics say that the Supreme Lord bestows, appoints, protects, creates, the meaning is simply that the unchanging law is thus and so. Yet is the universe instinct with life. Not matter but spirit is representative of the macrocosm. Whatever belongs to man's nature belongs to it. He is the "little heaven and earth," and so from him we come to know the "great heaven and earth."

The macrocosm responds to the microcosm. When man is righteous he communes with the good powers of nature, and they bless him, but when he does ill he is in sympathy with all evil forces, and they come to him. Throughout the universe is a golden thread of life and it vibrates to the same note in all its parts.

Law is righteousness and righteousness is law. The law is one in many manifestations: benevolence, uprightness, wisdom, sincerity, propriety, represent it. Law shows itself in the order of the heavens, in the ceaseless change of sun and moon and stars, unceasing in their changes but unfail-

ing in their courses. So should the virtues show in the emotions, acts, and words of men.

Philosophy perceives this law, while unthinking men see only change. So it was with Buddha. He saw only the outer and failed to understand the inner, unchanging law. His system is popular with the crowd, but is a hindrance to virtue. For ethics applies philosophy to conduct. It sees the true, permanent element, and values that and seeks to realise the law in life. Based on a true philosophy, it knows that the essence of all things is one, that is, law, so that man should make righteousness supreme. Then is he at peace. Then is he in harmony with the eternal verities. Then has he long life though his days in the flesh are few.

As righteousness is order, evil is disorder. It comes from the ceaseless change whereby the eternal order is at times obscured. Earthquakes, destructive tempests, unseasonable frosts, rain, drought, obscure the decreed order and bring their host of evils. So in the State do mobs and tumults and crimes destroy harmony and peace, and in the individual unruly lusts bring man below the level of the brutes.

Let every one follow the law of his being. Let each man stand firm in the station in which he was born. Let the State hold fast to its order established by the Sages; the key to philosophy, ethics, polity, is in their books. Intuitively the Sage knows the truth, and perfectly he practises

it. For other men's sake he has written down the "Way." So study is for us a necessity like food; but true learning is humble, and perceives the true self. Not knowing the true self, we are blind of heart, study we never so much. Without true discernment study is like Sekko's love for dragons. He painted them and spent days and nights in admiration of his work. A living dragon thought, "If Sekko so fancies painted dragons how great will be his love for me!" but when he put his head through Sekko's window the artist was panic-struck and fled.

We are to examine self as we read, testing the doctrine of obedience. Thus shall we comprehend. When by study, obedience, and reflection we learn our oneness with unchanging law and when we find in all things the same eternal truth we attain true life and immortality. We are content, though we die at night. The essential nature is not destroyed, but at death returns to the primal element as a drop of water to the sea. At one with the imperishable principles, man in his law outlasts the universe. He who has learned this knows the truth and rests in perfect peace.

This philosophy proclaimed itself the absolute truth. It is the eternal "Way" of Heaven and Earth. Should Sages again appear they would recognise it as their own. It could accept no compromise but in ontology, and ethics asked implicit faith and obedience.

Naturally it excited opposition, but it triumphed

over its foes. Buddhism indeed made slight resistance and was pushed ignominiously aside. Later, in the eighteenth century, Shinto revived and attacked philosophy as false and foreign. But the chief foes were of its own household—rival exponents of the Confucian ethics.

There were pure idealists, who found all truth in their own minds and rejected the distinction of change and law. There were positivists, who cast aside ontology and were content with phenomena. And there were critics, who charged the scholastics with corrupting the truth and raised the cry, "Back to Confucius!" But against them all, the orthodox system held its own and remained the accepted doctrine until the advent of modern science in our day. Then at last the restrictions were removed and it appeared that hostile criticism had shaken faith. Few indeed held to the true ontological creed. The hostile attack had done its work. It had prepared for new philosophy and for new science the Spirit of Old Japan.

This philosophy is the mature expression of the Chinese mind. It sufficiently explains familiar facts; it satisfies the philosophic mind as it looks beneath phenomena to the unchanging reality; it affords a sure basis for the traditional polity and ethics. It contains no prophecy and has no vision of a new Jerusalem descending out of heaven. That which hath been ever shall be, and to preserve the unchanging order is its chief end. There

shall be a new heaven and a new earth in a new cosmic cycle, but they can only repeat the same history and do over again what we do now. The soul's one faith is this: though confusion seem to endure for a night, order will reappear with dawn. But the Buddhist pessimism is shaken off, that ultimate despair of the world and life. If life is not loved, neither is it hated. All is good in its time. "There is a time to be born and a time to die; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace —to everything a season and a time to every purpose"; and all in its season and time are good. So, too, all out of time and season are bad. The fundamental law of nature, of the State, and of the soul is one.

It is illustrated most clearly in the State, where we see it writ large, and whence we may learn, in Plato's mode, what is that which is "good." Confucius and Mencius and their chief expositors have been statesmen. In the Far East the State rests on ethics and the moralist is the ruler. The Empire is a pantheocracy, with the eternal laws of nature as set down by the Sages as constitution and supreme source of right. On this law rests the throne of the king. His ministers are teachers in ethics, and an examination in moral philosophy is the test for office. Public and private morality are one, and the personal virtue of the ruler is the one condition of the welfare of the body politic.

In the Golden Age in China long ago, the Sage was on the throne, the "superior man" was minister, and all in authority were wise, rank being given by worthiness. There was no evil man, though the common folk were ignorant, for each was in his rightful place. The Sage ruled by doing naught. Like the eternal law, it was enough that he exist. As men see his righteousness and come in contact with his truth they naturally obey. As the wind moves the blades of grass innumerable in the broad field, not all at once but on from blade to blade, so his influence at last touches and bows each unit in his vast domain.

But never since the Golden Age has there been a Sage upon the throne. The divine order has not obtained. At best there has been only an approximation. Sometimes it has been wholly lost when an unworthy ruler has taken the Empire for his own and used it for the gratification of his lusts. Such a ruler is no king and against him rebellion is a duty. For the people are the "Heaven" of the king, the reason for his being. Duty is his divine right. If he disregard it, *ipso facto*, he is no king. Never was a king driven from his throne, but many a "fellow" has been stripped of royal robes.

So first of all the king must rule himself. Laws, even the inspired philosophy, are nothing if the ruler does not embody truth. "Teach by example and men follow; by words, and they accuse." "Government is by the man. With

him it is complete: when he is destroyed it ceases." So when thieves abounded Confucius said to the ruler, "If you do not covet they will not steal, though theft be praised." That a ruler may cause strife to cease, he himself must be unselfish and cease to strive. Therefore when evils come the ruler examines self. He is a link joining man and nature. Calamities on earth and portents in the sky are signals of his unworthiness.

As the king obeys Heaven, so do the officials obey the king. Were the Sage on the throne, absolute obedience and silent submission would be required; but besides the Sage no man is without error and sin. The minister who stands next his lord must advise, must, if need be, remonstrate, though such remonstrance be more dangerous than the position of the foremost spear in battle. But the minister must not count life dear.

The noble respects his ministers and entrusts the administration to them; he nourishes his men-at-arms: he cherishes the people. The man-at-arms is single-hearted in loyalty to the lord and country; the peasant obeys the laws, pays his tax, and diligently follows his trade. The highest in the State is nearest Heaven, he is most completely under law and every action is by rule. Only the common folk have liberty, for industry and peace only may be asked of them. The nation is a family, and the differences in rank are decreed by Heaven. What matters the position

any one may occupy? Let each stand firm in his lot. To every one are duties to superior and inferior, and before Heaven there is no difference.

When the "fellow" is on the throne he selects his ministers by his fancies. Philosophers are in obscurity. The officials are pedants bound fast by rules and usages, or profligates mercenary and merciless. The people are uneasy, avaricious, fond of gross pleasure, full of crime, and, at last, rebellious. Change has possession of the State and order disappears.

The family is the State in miniature and has its decreed order, whose preservation is virtue. The first duty is to parents: to them we are indebted for life and all things, and no service can be excessive. They educate the child and lead him in the "Way" lest the family be destroyed. The wife must reverence and obey her husband's parents and himself; and he is to love her, but not overmuch or to the neglect of parents. The younger brother reverences and obeys the elder and the elder befriends the younger.

The individual is of importance only as he fulfils the duty of his place. To forsake that place is crime. The wise man cares not for the things which change; only the law, the order which abides has value in his eyes. He is pure when ruled by law; he is outcast when ruled by lust. The common man cannot discern the truth, and his safety is in being under some wise man's rule. But the wise man discerns. He knows himself

and perceives his unity with the everlasting law. His immortality is to lose himself in that shining sea.

With modifications Japan accepted this philosophy. It made no theoretical amendments, and even its hostile criticism was reproduction of Chinese attacks, excepting as Shinto revived. Native ethics and polity there were none. Individual, State, and family were formed upon the Chinese model when peace gave leisure for theory to form. The Chinese scholastic philosophy, the Confucian ethics, the polity of Mencius, ruled thought and life. Yet there were unconscious amendment and adaptation.

In China the civil mandarins were supreme, and the arts and offices of war despised, but in Japan arms and the pen were as the two wings of a bird. Yet was the sword in greater honour. In China the Emperor ruled, but in Japan he was in strict retirement, while the *Shogun* ruled and the whole organisation was military. In China the central rule was all, but in Japan virile feudalism held the government of the *Shogun* in check. In China each subject was equal to every other before the law; in Japan rank was hereditary and decreed by Heaven. In China filial obedience held first place; in Japan, feudal loyalty. China was the embodiment of peace; Japan a highly organised camp. In China war has ever been an episode; in Japan peace was an armed truce. Loyalty, obedience, self-sacrifice, the virtues of the soldier, these were

AT DINNER.

the highest manifestations of the Spirit of Old Japan.

A writer of the seventeenth century, Kyuso Muro, already quoted, tells us how the deeper problems of life and death were solved by a philosopher of unshaken faith.

"Returning from exercise, some young men stopped one day and their teacher said to them: 'As your profession is that of arms constant drill is necessary; but good fortune is more important than skill since without it skill avails not. Mori Musashi no Kami was called the demon of Musashi, so skilful and strong was he; but at Nagakute he was killed instantly by a bullet, and what benefit was there in his skill and courage? Skill rests on fortune; so study this most earnestly. Your instructors teach you arms, but they know not the study of fortune. Such as I can teach you that!'

"Then one replied: 'I do not understand this study of martial fortune. Surely it is beyond man's control. Could it be acquired by study all the world would learn!' He shook his head: 'Yes, there is such study.' 'Tell us of it then,' the students said; and he went on:

"'Consider, all of you! Whence is fortune? From Heaven! Even the world says, "Fortune is in Heaven." So then there is no resource save prayer to Heaven. Let us then ask: What does Heaven hate and what does Heaven love? It loves benevolence and hates malevolence. It loves

truth and hates untruth. Its heart is this, that it forms all things and unceasingly begets men. Even when in autumn and winter it seems the spirit of death it is not so, but the root, the spirit of birth is gaining strength. So does the Book of Changes declare: "Birth is called change," and again: "The great virtue of Heaven and Earth is called birth." That which in Heaven begets all things in man is called love. So doubt not that Heaven loves benevolence and hates its opposite.

"'So, too, with truth. For countless ages sun and moon and stars constantly revolve and we make calendars without mistake. Nothing is more certain! It is the very truth of the universe! When man leaves all else and is humane and true he accords with Heaven, it surely cherishes and embraces him. But with mere temporary virtue comes no such revelation. We must always obey, being ever benevolent and injuring no one, being ever true and deceiving no one. As the days and months pass such truth appeals to Heaven, and Heaven helps so that even in battle we meet no misfortune nor strike against bullet or spear. This is the study of martial fortune. Do not think it an old man's foolish talk.'

"After a little some one said: 'I am much impressed with this new study of martial fortune, but still have my doubts. Do not humane and true men meet misfortune while the wicked prosper? Yen Hui, the beloved disciple of Confucius, died young and poor while Che, the robber, who ate

men, was long-lived and rich. How do you explain such facts?' The teacher replied:

"'The good are happy and the wicked miserable. This is the certainly determined and just law. But happiness and misery are not thus foreordained. They depend on circumstances. The Sages speak of the true law and not of the undetermined circumstances. If we would live long we abstain from drink and lust that the body may be strong. If in service we seek promotion we are diligent in duty. But some men who are careful of their health die young and some careless men live long. Yet surely, care is not in vain! So, too, some diligent men through misfortune gain no promotion and negligent men by chance have been advanced. Yet surely, diligence is not in vain! Were we to think care of the body useless we should spend days and nights in drinking and lust until at last we should be diseased and die. And were we to think diligence in vain we so frequently should neglect our duty that punishment and degradation would be ours. Care of the body is the "way" of long life, as is diligence of promotion. These laws are unchangeable. Again consider! When we make plans, do we leave all to chance or determine first the principles of our action? Of course the latter, and then we do not repent even though we are unfortunate. We cannot arrange for chance. But to leave all to chance and fail, that leads to repentance. Sin is the source of pain and righteousness of happiness.

This is the settled law. The teaching of the Sages and the conduct of superior men is determined by principles and the result is left to Heaven. Still, we do not obey in the hope of happiness, nor do we forbear to sin from fear. Not with this meaning did Confucius and Mencius teach that happiness is in virtue and pain in sin. But the "Way" is the law of man. It is said: "The 'Way' of Heaven blesses virtue and curses sin." That is intended for the ignorant multitude. Yet it is not like the Buddhist parables, for it is the determined truth.

"'Yen Hui died young, Che lived long, for Heaven's decree was not yet formed. But now as we study the decree: Yen Hui indeed lived poverty-stricken and in obscurity, but his name lasts thousands of years with the sun and moon. Che had a thousand followers and walked in pride, but when he died his name perished before his body was cold while his shame lasts an hundred generations, the memorial of many evil deeds. Was, then, Yen Hui's reward from Heaven small, and Che's great?" And there is a deeper truth: the wise man does not labour for himself at all. If he can help reveal the "Way," though never so little, even when dead he lives, his bones do not decay. He does not seek himself at all.

"Matsunaga thus sings of the morning-glory:

"'The morning-glory of an hour,
Differs not in heart from the pine of a thousand years.'

What profundity! Many have sung of the morning-glory, of its short life, of autumn loneliness and the vanity of the world.

"'After a thousand years the pine decays;
The flower has its glory in blooming for a day.'

That is pretty, but it merely makes bloom and decay one. The ignorant think it profound, but it is very superficial, like Buddhism and Taoism. Matsunaga's verse has other meaning, has it not? I think it means, 'He who in the morning hears the "Way" may die content at night.' To blossom early, wait for the rising sun, and die, such is the morning-glory's nature received from Heaven. It does not forget its own nature and envy the pine its thousand years. So every morning splendidly it blooms, waits for the rising sun, and dies. Thus it fulfils its destiny. How can we despise this truth the flower reveals? The pine differs not, but we learn the lesson best from the short-lived flower. The pine's heart is not of a thousand years nor the morning-glory's of an hour, but only that they may fulfil their destiny.

"The glory of the thousand years, the evanescence of the single hour, are not in pine or flower but in our thought. So is it with unfeeling things, but man has feeling and is the head of all. Yet is he deceived by things and does not attain to this unless he knows the 'Way.' To know the 'Way' is not the mysterious contemplation of which Buddhism speaks. The 'Way' is so ad-

justed to all things that even miserable men and women may know and do it. And only as we truly know it can we truly do it. Otherwise even with practice we do not know, and even in doing it we find no profit. Though we are in the 'Way' until death we do not understand. Truly to know and act is to be like fish in water and bird in forest.

"Reason should be our life. Never should we separate from it. While we live we obey, and 'Way' and body together come to death. Long shall we be at peace. To live a day is to obey a day, and then to die; to live a year is to obey a year and then to die. If thus in the morning we hear and die at night there is no regret. So the morning-glory lives a day, blooms wholly as it had received, and without resentment dies. How greatly differ the thousand years of the pine in length, yet both fulfil their destiny and both are equally content. Thus

> "'The morning-glory of an hour,
> Differs not in heart from the pine of a thousand years.'

As Matsunaga shows his aspirations in his verse so I in imitation:

> "'By the truth received from Heaven and Earth,
> The morning-glory blooms and fades.'
>
> "'Regret not what you see:
> Decay and bloom alike are morning-glory's truth.'
>
> "'Hurting not, lusting not,
> This is the morning-glory's heart,
> Not different from the pine's.'

The verses are wretched as you see. But never mind their form, take their truth."

Man is never alone. There are streams of tendency which make for righteousness and for evil. They respond to him, and as his heart is so do gods or devils commune with him. Only the true in heart can know God.

"In the oldest commentary on Confucius's history it is said, 'God is pure intelligence and justice.' Now all know that God is just, but do not know that he is intelligent. But there is no such intelligence elsewhere as God's. Man hears by the ear, and where the ear is not he hears not, though never so quick to hear; and man sees with his eyes, and where they are not he sees not, though never so quick to see; and with his heart man thinks, and the swiftest thought takes time. But God uses neither ear nor eye, nor does he pass over in thought. Directly he feels, and directly does he respond. This then we should know is not two or three but just the virtue received from the one truth. Thus, in heaven and earth is a being of quickest eye and ear, separated from no time or place, now in this manner, communicating instantaneously, embodied in all things, filling the universe. Having, of course, neither form nor voice it is not seen nor heard by men. When there is truth it feels, and when it feels it responds. When there is no truth it feels not, and when it feels not there is no response. Responding at once it is; not responding it

naturally is not. Is not this the Divinity of heaven and earth? So the Doctrine of the Mean says: 'Looked for it cannot be seen, listened to it cannot be heard. It enters into all things! There is nothing without it.'

"It is like Priest Saigyō's verse at the Shrines in Ise:

> "'Though not knowing what it is,
> Grateful tears he weeps.'

"Are not his tears from his perception of truth? Before the shrine he stands, single-hearted, direct, with truth; and to his truth God also comes and they commune, and so it is he weeps.

"As the reflection in the clear water answers to the moon, and together moon and pool increase the light, so if continually in the one truth they are dissolved we cannot distinguish God and man, even as sky and water, water and sky unite in one. 'Everywhere, everywhere, on the right He seems and on the left.' This is the revealing of God, the truth not to be concealed. Think not God is distant, but seek Him in the heart, for the heart is the House of God. Where there is no obstacle of lust, of one spirit with the God of heaven and earth there is this communion. But except by this communion there is not such a thing. Saigyō did not weep before he went to the shrine and by this we know God came.

"And now for the application. Examine yourselves, make the truth of the heart the founda-

tion, increase in learning, and at last you will attain. Then you will know the truth of what I speak.

"As thus he spoke all were silent, impressed by the great thoughts of the aged philosopher. They, too, shed grateful tears like the priest before the shrine."

The word translated "God" is without indication of number, and our translation gives too monotheistic an impression. Perhaps it would be better to substitute "divinities" or "divinity," for there is probably no implication of personality.

Thus, too, can we explain devils and things of evil. The gods are the good powers of heaven and earth and are the normal working of the spiritual universe. But the universe knows change, and there arise unexpected winds, heat, cold, and storms. So are there naturally evil spirits which respond to evil men. When we feel with pure spirit the pure spirit responds to us, but when we feel with an evil spirit the devils respond. And there is no place in heaven or earth where these spirits good and evil are not. But when our own spirits are strong the evil affects us not, but when we are weak and lustful then through our undetermined and sinful feelings the evil spirits find a way and affright us; with portents, dreams, and lying wonders, they lure us to death. But evil melts before the righteous man like ice before the sun.

For the philosopher death has no alarms, and the

soul content with life and submissive to destiny calmly awaits its approach:

"Swiftly the days and months pass by. Day by day increases the disease, old age, and labour is of no avail. It is the seventy-fifth year, and not so long had the teacher hoped to live with the billows of old age rolling on. He was paralysed too, so that hand and foot were not easily moved, and with difficulty could he get up or down. For three years the spring beauty of the garden had not been seen, but the voice of the bird from the tree-top came to his bed awakening him from his lingering dreams. Patiently did he remember the past as the perfume of the plum blossoms visited his pillow.

"How blessed was he then, that from his youth he had seen through the windows of philosophy the value of the passing years; that he had followed Shu-Hi and sought the manners of the Sages; that he had admired true literary style and had learned to walk haltingly the 'Way.' What consolation was this for his aged wakefulness! Through so many months and years well had he considered the passing, changing world, with its alternating adversity and prosperity, its bloom and decay. Are they all dreams and visions, 'the clouds that float above the earth'? Fortune and misfortune are twisted together like the strands of a rope.

"Among all only the 'Way' of the Sages stands with Heaven and Earth. Past and present

it only changes not. Men should wonder at it and praise. But the world knows it not. Men are in darkness as to righteousness, though wise in gain and lust. The 'Way' is forsaken and customs deteriorate. Alas! alas! but my low rank and feeble powers could not reform the customs or restore the doctrine; as well might a gnat move a tree or one dip out the ocean with a shell. Yet is it our duty as scholars to grieve over the world and reform the people. We cannot give this task to others. Why should aged teachers and men who are accounted scholars desire false doctrines, mix them with the truth, and thus transform the 'Way' of righteousness and virtue?

"I cannot agree to that. They work and argue, please the vulgar, and go with the times. Deplorable! As has been said of old, — 'A corrupt learning that flatters the world.' Let it be so! Let customs change! I alone will follow the 'Way' of benevolence and righteousness nor lose the pattern I have learned! This is the sign of the scholar who honours the 'Way.' In the New Year when men bless themselves with good wishes for a thousand worlds, I will set my heart on the 'Way' of the five virtues only and will change not. This I think the rightful cause for congratulations. So I write:

"'This spring too I go unchanged,
Five times more than seventy seeking the 'Way.'

"This year I have been busy, from spring to

autumn, collecting and writing my various talks with my disciples. I finished it in the autumn, and though it is as worthless as the refuse left by fishermen, yet if transmitted to our company it may be one-ten-thousandth help to those who study themselves. So at the end I wrote my New Year's verse, ending yet beginning, and thus reveal an endless heart."

CHAPTER VIII

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE PEOPLE

THE Confucian literature in Japan so far instructed the mass of the people as to provide summaries of moral rules for them. But these moral rules could exist in harmony with Buddhism. And as in China for centuries and in Japan for a thousand years the Chinese ethics knew no quarrel with the religion of the Buddha, so even after the educated men in Japan had given up Buddhism it still retained its full power over the lower classes and could incorporate the Confucian ethics with itself.

One effort, long continued, was made to win the people not merely to the Confucian ethics, but to the foreign philosophy. Toward the close of the eighteenth century a school of popular preachers expounded the rudiments of the Chinese system to the people. They made such concessions to Buddhism as they thought the case demanded, but sought to substitute their system for the people's faith. They continued in a succession until the middle of the nineteenth century, but their

failure was complete. They made no lasting impression upon the nation's mind. The Chinese philosophy remained the exclusive possession of the higher classes.

Volumes of sermons by the preachers of this philosophy may be bought in the bookstalls of Tokyo, though the living voice has long since ceased. The following discourse is from a volume printed in 1838 and deals with the fundamental truths and shows how the philosophy of the schools was adapted to the needs of common life. Such sermons give the spirit of the people's life better than more formal treatises.

"Text: 'The Master says,—Is it not a pleasure to practise what we learn?'

"As you all know, this text is from the beginning of the first book of the Analects. It is the teaching of the great Sage, Confucius. I am unlearned and cannot expound the Analects, but shall talk simply to these ladies and children about the 'Way.' 'The Master says,' means, Confucius says, and what is his meaning in this word, 'learn'? What are we to learn? It is man's 'Way' of course, the 'Way' that belongs to every man, even to the Son of Heaven and the *Shogun*, with all reverence be it said, to us common folk, and to the very outcast and beggars. For every one is by nature endowed with five virtues, humanity, righteousness, propriety, sincerity, and wisdom; and from these come naturally our duties in five relations—obedience to

parents, loyalty to master, conjugal harmony, brotherly affection, and kindness to strangers. The text refers to learning these things, for they constitute man's 'Way.'

"Nothing is without its 'Way' and each thing follows straight its path: the cock crows every morning and tells the hour; the dog guards the gate, the cat catches the rat, the horse and ox bear burdens for man—all do their duty. Was ever horse or ox ashamed to meet its companion, or do they run away to hide, or are cat or dog sentenced to death by their peers? Why, consider even inanimate things! The willow is always green, the flower coloured, the pine crooked, the cedar straight, the radish long, and the turnip short, never a mistake or change at all!

"Alas! alas! Only that sad thing, man! He is born the 'Head of all things,' but as he does not know what constitutes him 'Head,' there are many men who are not true men. As the comic poet says:

"'Should ye become beasts it would not soil your face,
O guild of nature's lords.'

For man is endowed with the splendid power of choice and so he leaves his 'Way,' and wanders in forbidden paths. How dangerous! with all our strength we must learn man's 'Way.' You know the ancient verse:

"'Many men. Amid the men no man.
Man, be a man! Man, make men!'

This endowment with the five virtues and duties is like the arrangement of five fingers on the hand. Look at your fingers and see: The index finger is for benevolence and filial obedience, the third finger for righteousness and loyalty, the middle finger for propriety and conjugal harmony, the little finger for wisdom and brotherly affection, the thumb for sincerity and fidelity to companions. With the five you can grasp what you will. How wonderful! 'Flowers, bright-coloured leaves, gold and silver in the world are given,—put forth your strength and take.' How important that we put forth our strength! Mencius says, 'If self-examination shows truth, then all the world endows me. No pleasure excels this.' All the world is mine, a precious treasure, but if I am a little selfish, if I seek my own happiness, I break the fingers off. Disobedience breaks the first, disloyalty the third, conjugal discord the second, strife with brothers the fourth, falseness toward others the thumb, and my hand is useless. There! It is a club! it cannot take or hold a thing. My young hearers, are your fingers broken off?

"In prayer we join the fingers of both hands, representing the active and passive principles, or in Shinto the primeval oneness of heaven and earth, of harmony between self and others. But if only the hands are joined what answer can we expect from gods or Buddhas? Feelings and actions, too, must be in harmony, for if they are pushed out

like clubs to the deities, though we repeat prayers as enchanters repeat their charms, the god looks the other way.

> "'No answer to thy prayer?
> Silence an answer is.
> Thy praying heart lacks truth.'

Here is a story in point.

"An old woman who very much wished to go to heaven once lived among the farmers. Every day she made an offering to her Buddha and called the rice 'sacred,' and all things used in its preparation she esteemed the property of Buddha and used them for nothing else — 'sacred pot,' 'sacred ladle,' 'sacred cloth.' So, too, all the family used the same adjective when they mentioned anything belonging to the Buddha, 'sacred flowers,' 'sacred censer,' even 'sacred dish-cloth.' The reason for it all was the old woman's desire to go to paradise after death, there to feast upon an hundred kinds of fruit and never to labour more. She was wholly selfish. Yet the founder of her sect was not wholly to blame, as he had hoped to wheedle men into just living now. But the old woman never thought of that and interpreted the Buddhist saying, 'The world is a transient, borrowed lodging,' to mean that she might please herself, even by disobedience, disloyalty, and injustice. Was she not a fool? 'A borrowed world! Yet use it not in vain! This borrowed world only is thine.' The seed of

heaven and hell is all sown in this life and so this 'borrowed' world is of the last importance to us all. But this woman in her selfishness thinks it is transient! I can please myself! So in her accounts are many things that do not agree. She will not pay her taxes until compelled, but would pay her temple dues with her skin! She can't fast on the anniversary of her parents' death, 'for her health's sake,' but is not hurt by fasting on the 'sacred' day when the founder of her religion died. And so with all the family—they scold each other with loud, shrill voices, and almost the same instant turn to their Buddha and pray with the gentlest tones! How selfishness seems to make a fool of Buddha! He only grieves as such a club is thrust out before him. He never supposed that a desire for heaven would lead to such misconduct nor that prayer should become pretext for sin. Such conduct causes tears of blood to fall. Are not such folk wholly astray?

"This old woman never washed the rice for Buddha with her hands, but used two clubs, and a man, asking her, 'Why do you wash the rice in such inconvenient fashion?' was told, 'Because it is for the Buddha, and my hands are not clean enough. Some particle of dirt remains, whatever care I take.' So he asked again, 'How do you pray?' 'Why, with clasped hands, of course.' 'That, too, is wrong,' he said; 'you should use two clubs!' 'You wretch! what blasphemy!' she cried. But the real blasphemy is prayer with

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

the fingers joined while thoughts and actions are like the clubs.

"Of old, Buddha and the inventors of religions pitied men and tried to coax them to virtue, just as the seller of sweets blows a flute and sings a song and the peddler spins a top—all for the sake of selling their wares.

> "Swallowing the device of the priest,
> Well satisfied they dance their prayers.'

"When we pray for cleansing and holiness, as in Shinto, we desire to be rid of self-seeking and wilfulness. We do not offer anything to the gods. And when we pray, 'Save, eternal Buddha!' we do not aid him, for, pure and holy, he does not need our help, but we desire to be changed into his likeness. Otherwise our form of prayer is like using the clubs, and man must learn this 'Way' by the teaching of the Sages, and so Confucius says, Learn.'

"The word 'practice' means imitate. When we hear the precious words of the Sages we take them as our model. Or, if that is too hard for us stupid folk, we can find models near at hand and imitate the obedient and loyal men we see. As Confucius said, 'If I see a wise man I desire to be like him; if a foolish man I examine myself.' And again, 'In the actions of every three men there is a teacher for me. Seeing the right I follow it, and seeing the evil I mend it.' So, seeing the conduct of other men, I mend my own.

"But some of you thoughtlessly hear this word 'imitate,' and the boy thinks of imitating the jester, and the woman of imitating the harlot or dancer, and the clerk of imitating the actor's hair, and so evil comes of it. Then, too, the true middle way is hard to copy. To save from such error I teach this 'Way.' Pray consider it!

"All the time a clear-sighted, honoured teacher is close at hand. Do not go peering about for it. It is called the 'true self,' has not eyes nor ears nor mouth, and nothing hinders it. It has been much praised in India and China from the earliest time. To it we will go at once and I will lead you by the hand.

"If we listen, as to gossip, carelessly, we shall not understand, for we learn this lesson by testing it, as we learn the taste of water by tasting. What is the 'Way' of the sparrow? Chu-chu. Of the crow? Ka-ka. Of the willow? Greenness. Of the flower? Colour. Of man? Obedience, loyalty, sincerity—as any one can say who has the cant words by heart. But it is a great mistake to suppose this is the sort of thing that is to be heard merely by the ears. To repeat the correct words as volubly as the old-clothes man talks and yet not to know the 'Way' is to be like the club, so Laotze said, 'Destroying great religions, love and righteousness spring up.'

"To speak correctly, Ka-ka is the crow, greenness the willow, colour the flower, and the virtues man. As Mencius says: 'Man does all things

by benevolence and righteousness: he does not do benevolence and righteousness.' 'Before heaven and earth were formed the chick sang in its shell.' This great teacher had no beginning but was before heaven and earth. It is with us the livelong day and says, 'Do this:' 'Do that:' 'That is wrong:' 'Do not do it!' With all our strength we must imitate it, it is the living teacher. I beseech you, follow it.

"We master nothing by copying it once or twice, we must grow like it. The very children write over and over again until at last they write just like the copy. So with man's 'Way': as we copy the great teacher, the 'true self,' at last our acts become like our model and this is the meaning of the text. Just as in music, we wish to sound *chin tsun ten* but it comes out *chin chin ten*, but, as we persevere, at last we can play what we will and gain a skill that makes us forget our food in joy. Still more when I follow the 'Way' of man, the essential element of manhood, do I attain the highest happiness. So our text says, 'Is it not a pleasure to practice what we learn?'

"But this saying of the Sage is beyond us common folks, and yet if we enter this gate and learn only the outer edge of the true self, that which has seemed apart from us—Shinto, Buddha, and the Sage—we learn at once is all our own. They are not wholly apart from us. So we lose our selfishness and grow ashamed of our old thoughts and feelings. We had thought ourselves wise and

prudent and now the horns of the selfish demon draw slowly in, and the skin, a thousand thick, thins down to one. And in like degree we enter heaven with joy and thankfulness unspeakable, unconscious how our hands move and our feet dance. As the poet sings,

> "'So long as Buddha lives
> Whate'er I see or hear
> Is source of thankfulness.'

"Now for a little stop, stretching out your elbows proudly, and study the shell of this body. What a wonderful being it is! On the head we wear nothing, and just there is the cushion of hair that protects us against injury should anything fall upon it. And the eye is a wonder! It takes in light for the whole body and is withdrawn a little and protected from dust by the eyelid which opens and shuts itself; and if dust gets in, the eyelash sweeps it out. The eyebrows, like the eaves of a warehouse, carry away the perspiration. The nose cannot shut, so it opens downwards that no wind may enter, and the roof above protects it. Were it not for that we should have to walk backwards when the wind blows hard, and might fall into a puddle or strike against a cart or stone. So it is by the grace of this roof, which in a lifetime needs no repairs, that we walk at ease.

"The mouth takes in our food. How wisely it is made, expanding, contracting, to admit just the load! And inside are the teeth, those officials

who roughly handle the various things and with the tongue let nothing hard, or hurtful escape. And in old age out come the teeth, lest food too strong for the stomach should be taken.

"The ears spread like a wine-seller's funnel to receive the five sounds, and at the joints of our limbs the skin is a little loose, and toes and fingers are protected at the ends by nails, like bits of hardware. You must ask the doctor to tell you of the clock-like mechanism of the body, of its five and six viscera. All is formed by Heaven from the five elements. Could there be a more skilful workman? We sleep, we wake, we walk, we speak, we think at will. We can never understand the marvel, study as we may.

"See how we go astray. We think, This body is mine; I can do as I please; and so we come to think, I am wise and smart. 'If he goes there I move here: if he comes here I go there': from morning to night the elbows are pushed out like a chess-player's, we scowl as we consider what we shall do, and the will is like a wrestler's. How guilty! How pitiable! Heaven is too kind and gives us our tenement free of rent, and we presume on the kindness and think it our own. At last we dun the owner! No possible happiness can come from that. I 'll illustrate by a story:

"In a certain place was a servant named Chokichi, a most wonderful fool. There were many fools, but this one was extraordinary, with a remarkable talent for forgetting. One day his mis-

tress said to him, 'Here, Chokichi; to-day is an anniversary and the priest will soon come and we must have an offering for the household deities. Hurry to Nihom-bashi and buy five things,—carrot, dock, mountain potato, dried mushroom, and lotus root.' She gave him five cents and he answered 'Yes,' tucked up his skirt, and started fast as he could run.

"Soon he meets neighbour Kichimatsu, who asks, 'Where do you go so fast?' 'To Nihom bashi to buy some things.' 'What shall you buy?' 'Why, I don't know.' His mistress's commission was forgotten and he remembered only to run. Was he not a fool?

"But possibly we should not laugh too loudly at him. Of course not in this congregation, but back in the country are many men not unlike Chokichi, men who forget the most pressing duties. They know very well what others should do,—well, let each examine self.

"Here is Mr. Hachibei, who says that every being is born with a special commission from Heaven. 'Indeed! What were horse and ox born for?' 'Oh, I know that! To help man by bearing burdens.' 'And what was the cock born for?' 'To tell the dawn.' 'And the dog?' 'To guard the gate.' 'And the cat?' 'To catch the rat.' Whatever I ask, if it is only something yonder, he knows it well. Now, Mr. Hachibei, what were you born for? He scratches his head, 'Why was I born? I do not know. To eat rice

and grumble.' That is the sort of reply he makes. Truly he is of Chokichi's guild. It cannot be that man only came into the world to grow old eating rice! He differs from cat and dog and is the 'head of all things,' but that does not mean that he is aimless.

"When Chokichi reached Nihom-bashi he wandered aimlessly about, his money in hand. He saw cookies in a baker's and went in and ate some—ten. Then he drank small beer and spent what he had left in a low eating-house. But still he was not satisfied, and went home grumbling because he could not buy cooked eel and duck.

" Meanwhile master and mistress were hot as fire. 'Chokichi, what are you about, where are the things we sent you for?' Chokichi, surprised, replied, 'What things? I have not bought anything.' The master angrily: 'What did you do with the money?' 'Oh, I used that to buy things to eat and I want some more." Mistress and master amazed, 'You are talking in your sleep! We did not tell you to buy things to eat, but to get carrot and dock—the five things for the ceremony. You spent the money for things to eat? You are crazy.' They scold and pound the mats. No doubt of his being a fool. He looks up surprised, and says, 'Do you want carrot and dock? I have just been to Nihom-bashi, and it would have been such a good time to have bought them!' A monstrous fool! In the wide world none would support him for an hour. Hit

him with the fist and drive him out! There is no help for it.

"But this is not merely an amusing story, it is a parable. If we hear of folly we examine self. So if any thinks, 'I am not like Chokichi,' let him examine self.

"At birth we receive from Heaven not five cents with which to buy things, but a body with five members and five senses and a heart endowed with five virtues. And we are to fulfil the five duties, this is our commission, the things we are to buy. But we forget virtues and duties, and, rising up and lying down, complain: 'I want this! I want that! This won't do! That's not enough! and use our mouths and ears buying and eating —Chokichi himself! Surely, man was not born so aimlessly. And even in these times of peace, when with diligence one need not want anything, men do not imagine even in their dreams that gratitude is due. 'That's not enough! This won't do!' It is blasphemy.

"When the 'true self' disappears the selfish demon rules. The family is in factions, father and son, husband and wife are enemies. They glare at each other and ill-treat each other. The lord, too, abuses his servants and they watch his errors. It is a living hell! And when a pause comes they study questions of no profit: 'Are the times good or bad?' 'Is the world wide or narrow?' 'Is it the world's beginning or end?' It is the merest folly! So grumbled

Chokichi, because his mistress's money was too little and he could not have eel and duck. Such grumblers dun Heaven for rent, and in return are ordered to quit the premises. They run off bankrupt, men and women drowning themselves together or having their heads cut off. So they get a blow or two from Heaven's fist and are turned out of heaven, the wretches!

"It is written, 'All things are cultivated in a series, therefore they must not hurt each other.' We know the true self and wish to forsake our selfish buying and eating and to follow the true 'Way.' We desire to do the pressing commission of Heaven and to be obedient, loyal, and kind. Thus shall we live in joy.

"But some of my young hearers think, 'That is old-fashioned and not for these times'; and others say, 'No. It is true and I mean to follow the "Way." But just now I am too busy "and really have not time.' All these belong to Chokichi's guild and soon Heaven's fist will be on their heads and then what sorrow and woes will they know—a fearful doom! Learn over and over again this 'Way.'

"In ancient times Buddha, Confucius, and the founders of the sects forsook home and rank and denied themselves pleasant food and clothes, and with wasting flesh helped others. We, too, desire to make it the business of life to live and die true men. That is our prayer to Heaven, to the gods and Buddha, the true prayer for the bountiful

harvest of the five kinds of grain and for peace in earth and heaven.

"My sermon has been so long, from the beginning to end, that now we 'll stop and take a pipe."

CHAPTER IX

THE WAY OF THE "SAMURAI"

THE Confucian philosophy in China is the guide of statesmen whose ideal is peace: in Japan it became the creed of soldiers—the same precepts bearing different meanings as the way of the Sages became the way of the *samurai*. The philosophers we have quoted are not the advocates of learned leisure or of philosophic retirement, but their lectures are filled with admiration for the "strenuous life." Devotion unto death is the chief of virtues for them—and only as we understand their ideals can we know the life of the people. Confucianism gave these scholars a completed system which made righteousness ultimate and supreme; their instincts interpreted and the history of the past illustrated the teaching—as Buddhism had incorporated the ancient gods in its own beliefs, so did the Chinese philosophy in Japan adopt as its own the heroes of the feudal wars. In both instances the native element transformed the foreign system.

An effeminate Court, intriguing nobles, de-

bauched emperors, and ambitious soldiers supplied material for the tragedy of the Dark Ages. Fighting was the business of life and the strongest ruled. Confusion threatened the nation, but protected by the sea against all foreign foes it survived its perils.

In the uninteresting story of the feudal strife the Spirit of Old Japan stood revealed more clearly than in the indolent ages of effeminate peace. When the strongest and most ambitious rule, hero worship becomes the nation's cult, and such was the real faith of the Japanese. It fitted well his nature and inherited beliefs. The marvellous in man is the chief of nature's wonders; and desperate enterprise, the courage that bears the forlorn hope to victory, the strength that triumphs in the teeth of fate itself, the fire that flashes from the eyes of the leader and compels multitudes to give up life, not knowing why they die,—these are the qualities to be worshipped and deemed worthy of every sacrifice. The sword was the symbol of this Spirit of Old Japan, the weapon of offensive warfare and of self-destruction when all was lost, and against others or against self, the emblem of whole-hearted loyalty.

Nothing of pity stopped the warrior and no thought of self. Thus he was taught: "Be not a *samurai* through the wearing of two swords, but, day and night, see that you bring no reproach on the name. Ever cross your threshold and pass through your gate as men who never shall

return again. Thus shall you be ready for every adventure you may meet."

Loyalty unto death was the treasure of great price; it summed up the law of righteousness. "To the *samurai* righteousness is first of all, then life, then silver and gold. These last are of value, but some put them in place of righteousness. To the *samurai* life itself is as dirt compared with righteousness!"

Righteousness was exemplified by men innumerable, and the writers on ethics praise the heroes of the faith, interpreting their deeds in accordance with the accepted philosophy. The following instances are from the writings of Kyuso Muro, one of the standard authorities.

"In the period *Genko-Kemmu* (1331–1335) many *samurai* were faithful unto death. I admire with tears a retainer of Hō-jō Takatoku named Andō-zaimon Shoshu, the uncle of Nitta, Yoshisada's wife. When Kamakura was taken by Nitta, his wife secretly sent a letter to her uncle, who was in arms against her husband. His soldiers were killed, himself was wounded, and he was retreating when news came that Takatoku had burned his castle and fled to Tōshōji. Andōzaimon asked if many had killed themselves at the burning of the castle and was told, 'Not one.' 'Shameful!' he replied; 'there we will die.' So with an hundred men he went on to the castle and wept as he beheld the smoking ruins. Just then came the letter from his niece. He opened it and read,

—'Since Kamakura is destroyed come to me. I 'll obtain your pardon with my life.' Very angrily he spoke, 'I have been favoured by my lord, as all know. Shall I be so shameless as to follow Yoshisada now! His wife wants to help her uncle; but if Yoshisada knows the duty of a *samurai* he will put a stop to such attempts. He did not send it or agree to it. But if he did, if he meant to test me, she should not have permitted such an attempt to destroy my name. He and his wife alike are worthy of contempt!' With grief and anger there before the messenger, he wrapped the letter around his sword and slew himself.

"Ah, what a man was that! How pure his purpose! Who can excel him?

"But in recent years, in the period *Tenshō* (A.D. 1573–1590) a retainer of Takeda Katsuyori named Komiyama Naizen is most to be admired. He was the favourite of his master, until at last they were separated by a quarrel, and Naizen, condemned through false witnesses, was dismissed from office. When the troops of Oda Nobunaga attacked the province of Kai, Katsuyori was defeated and fled with forty-two followers to Tenmokuzan. When Naizen heard of the disaster he wished to help and met Katsuyori on his retreat. All the false witnesses, all with whom Naizen had quarrelled, had fled, deserting their lord. Sorrowfully spoke Naizen: 'My lord dismissed me and now, should I die for my country it will be a

reflection on his judgment; but if I do not die I shall injure the fidelity of the *samurai*. Though I hurt his fame I must not forsake virtue,' and he died with the forty-two faithful ones. As all the others had fled and these forty-two *samurai* alone held faithful to their lord without a thought of disobedience, they all illustrate *samurai* fidelity. But Naizen was pre-eminent among them, for he had been unjustly condemned and came expressly that he might die.

"When Katsuyori and all his party had been destroyed, Ieyasu much admired the fidelity of Naizen and regretted that his worship should cease, as he had no children. So Ieyasu employed Naizen's younger brother, and before the battle at Odawara gave him a high command, speaking at length of Naizen's fidelity: 'Naizen was a model *samurai*, and though his brother is so young I have given him this command in token of my admiration of such loyalty.' Truly that was praise after death, and the reward of loyalty."

Women, too, may show true righteousness:

"When in Kaga I heard a man remark: 'All sins, great and small, may be forgiven on repentance and no scars remain, except two; the flight of a *samurai* from the post where he should die, and theft. These leave a lifelong wound which never heals. All born as *samurai*, men and women, are taught from childhood that fidelity must never be forgotten.' Thereupon I con-

tinued: 'Of course, and woman is ever taught that submission is her chief duty, and if in unexpected strait her weak heart forsakes fidelity, all other virtues will not atone. In Japan and China alike have been women whose virtue has exceeded that of man.'

"The wife of Nagoka Itchu no Kami Tadaoki was the daughter of Akechi Mitsuhide, the retainer of Oda Nobunaga, who killed both his lord and his lord's son. In turn he was destroyed by Hideyoshi. Later Tadaoki, at the time of Sekiga-hara, went to join Ieyasu in the east. During his absence Ishida Mitsunari sent troops to Tadaoki's castle to seize his wife, but she exclaimed, 'I 'll not disgrace my husband's house through my desire for life,' and killed herself before the enemy got in. Excited by her virtue, the two or three *samurai* who were with her fired the mansion and slew themselves, and her women took hold of hands, jumped into the fire, and died. Even yet shall we praise that deed! The rebel Mitsuhide had such a child, scarcely equalled in China or Japan! As the proverb says: 'The general has no seed,' so I 'll add,— The heroic woman has no seed.

"But a guest remarked: 'Not so; not having seed is still to have it. Fidelity makes the nature of benevolence and righteousness its seed. Then without place or ancestor, without race, without the distinction of high or low, male or female, without family connection, good children come

A TEA HOUSE, MIDDLE CLASS WOMEN.

from evil parents, and evil children from the good.'

"The teacher was greatly pleased and said: 'True! I had thought only of man's nature, not of Heaven's. Such virtue of women and the vulgar must be praised as Heaven's nature. Thus will the *samurai* be excited to virtue and virtuous hearts will be produced.'

"Let me speak of Shidzuka, the uneducated concubine of Minamoto Yoshitsune. She was a famous dancer in Kyōto, talented, beautiful, and beloved of Yoshitsune. When he fled she went with him to Mt. Yoshino and then returned. Called to Kamakura and examined she replied: 'I know so far as Mt. Yoshino. No further.' She lingered there until the birth of Yoshitsune's child. Yoritomo desired to see her dance and commanded her presence. She refused repeatedly but was forced to comply at last. Yoritomo expected a song and dance for his feast, but she sang:

> "'To and fro like the reel'
> Would that old times might return!
> I long for the trace of the man
> Who entered Yoshino's snow-white peak.'

Yoritomo cried out in anger: 'You sing of that rebel Yoshitsune instead of celebrating the present time! It is a crime!' But at the request of his wife he forgave the girl. She cared not, but returned straight to Kyōto and lived in seclusion.

Yoritomo's great power bent trees and grass, but she feared it not. Her heart was wholly set on Yoshitsune and she excelled the *samurai* who died with him."

The righteous *samurai* will not serve himself by taking a new master.

"Pure-hearted *samurai* cease not to appear. In Kwan-ei-Shō-hō (A.D. 1624–1647) was a branch temple of Tentokuji, in Shiba, Edo, where always without intermission prayers were said. One day, at evening, as the priest went out of the temple gate he observed a man with a bundle. He seemed a traveller and not a common man. When the priest returned from his errand there was the man still in the gateway. Thinking that strange, the priest asked, 'Who are you? Come in and rest.' 'I am listening to the temple prayers,' the man replied, 'for I like to hear them said. On your invitation I 'll go in and have a cup of tea.' So in they went, and the priest inquired whence he came and whither he journeyed.

"The man replied, 'From Oshu. I once had a friend in Yedo, but cannot find him. So I must find some place.' And the priest rejoined, 'Stay here to-night, it is so late.' So he stayed, and the next day the priest asked him to remain until he should find some occupation. He thanked the priest and remained. It soon appeared that he was an educated man, and the head of Tentokuji called him and helped him and gave him various tasks about the temple, which were all diligently

performed. By and by he was made a superintendent of many priests and became a person of importance.

"At that time it happened that a nobleman who had retired from active life was making researches into the history of the past and sought scholarly *samurai* to help him, paying them good salaries. The people of the temple told him of this man, Yuge, and highly recommended him as especially informed about the past. Yuge thanked the head of the temple and said, 'I do not intend to enter service again, but your kindness entitles you to know my past.' So he told the priest his real name and that he had been a retainer of Gamo Ujisato, and continued: 'Since Gamo was destroyed I have no heart for service under any other and purposed to spend my life as a beggar. With no design on my part I have become a recipient of the blessings of the temple, and now my one desire is to repay what I have received. But I find no means to do it.' Then he showed the testimonial Gamo had given him for his services in the battle of Kunohe, and elsewhere, and the letters he had received from many nobles offering him employment. 'All are useless now,' he said, and put them in the fire.

"So he lived long in the temple. And in the year A.D. 1657, when Tentokuji was burned, Yuge said: 'Permit me to help,' and worked on after the chief priest and all the other priests had fled, saving the images, furniture, and books.

When all were safe he sent off the men who had been helping him.

"Afterwards in the ruins of the main hall was found the body of a man, sitting with clasped hands like a priest. It was Yuge, and all the temple folk wept and grieved for him. But he had no desire to abide in the temple; he had merely waited for an opportunity to return the favours he had received. At the fire he found the opportunity he sought, and after working to the end purposely perished in the flames. How pure and holy was his heart!"

The minister may show righteousness in time of peace equal to the soldier's in time of war.

"The foremost place in the battle seems a place of difficulty, but is not, and to remonstrate with one's lord seems easy, but it is not. Lord and servant praise the foremost spear, but I do not hear them praising him who loyally reproves.

"In *Kwan-ri-Kan-ei* (1624–1643) the former lord of Echizen, Io no Kami, had a minister named Sugita Iki. He had risen from the ranks by his merits. It was his business to provide the funds for his lord's very expensive attendance in Yedo. Not fearing his lord's wrath, he was ever ready to reprove. And once it happened when Io no Kami was in Echizen that he went hawking, and on his return his ministers went forth to meet him. He was unusually happy and said, 'The young men have never done better. If they always work as

well they are certain of employment by the *Shogun* in case of war. Rejoice with me!' So all congratulated him except Sugita alone. He said nothing, remaining at the foot of the line. Io no Kami waited a while wonderingly, and then said, 'What do you think?' And Sugita replied, 'With due respect, yet are your remarks a cause for grief. When the *samurai* went with you their thought was this,—If we do not please him he may kill us; and they took final farewell of wife and child. So I have heard. If they thus hate their lord they will be useless in battle. Unless you know this it is foolish to rely on them.'

"Io no Kami scowled, and his sword-bearer said to Sugita, 'Go, please!' But Sugita scowled at him and said, 'My task is not to go hawking with him and surround monkey or wild boar! Do not tell me what is of use!' So he cast aside his short sword, went to Io's side and said: 'Kill me! It is far better than to live in vain and see your downfall! I shall count it a sign of your favour!' So he folded his hands and stretched out his neck to the blow. Io went to his apartment without a word. And the other ministers said to Sugita: 'What you say is true, but have a regard to the proper season. It was ill to mar the pleasure of his return.' But Sugita replied: 'There is never a proper season for remonstrance. I thought it fitting to-day. I have risen from the ranks and doubtless look at things differently from you. My

death is of no consequence.' All listened with admiration to his words.

"Sugita went home and prepared himself for *hara kiri*, awaiting his lord's word. His wife had been with him from the time he was in the ranks, and to her he said: 'I have a word to leave with you. A woman cannot be directly honoured by our lord, but as he has honoured me you have shared in it. You are no longer the wife of a foot soldier but of a minister. You have many servants. It is an infinite blessing he has conferred on you, is it not? After I am dead, remember this great blessing morning and evening and feel no hatred to your lord. If in your grief you hate him in the least and it appear in words, in the depths of Hades I shall know it and be displeased.' In constant expectation he waited until late at night, when there came a rapping at his door. Some one said: 'His lordship has business for you. Come to the castle.' 'The time has come,' Sugita thought, as he obeyed. But Io sent for Sugita to come direct to his bedchamber and said: 'I cannot sleep for thoughts of your words to-day. So I have sent for you so late at night. I need not speak of my errors. I am filled with admiration at your straightforward remonstrance.' Therewith he handed Sugita a sword as a reward. At this so unexpected event Sugita wept as he withdrew."

The righteous judge gives up his all, when loyalty compels a decision that is wrong:

"Amano ruled in Suruga and his income was thirty thousand *koku*[1] of rice. His estates joined the *Shogun's* and one day a man who came from the *Shogun's* land stole some bamboo and was killed by Amano's three soldiers stationed there as guards.

"The *Shogun's* deputy demanded the punishment of the guards, as they had killed one of the people of the *Shogun;* but Amano replied: 'To kill a thief is no crime. It was done at my command, and if there is any guilt it is mine.'

"On appeal to Yedo an officer was sent to Suruga who said to Amano,—'Even though you are right, yet will the authority of the *Shogun* be weakened if he is not obeyed. Draw lots and kill one of the three men.' And Amano replied, 'To that argument I must yield, but the strong *samurai* does not consent to remain in peace through the slaying of innocent men. I shall give up my rank.' So he left his castle and disappeared.

"Long after one met an ascetic whom he took to be Amano, whether rightly or not we do not know. He was a pure-hearted *samurai* and could neither kill his soldier nor disobey his lord. He could not remain in the world, so he gave up his thirty thousand *koku* and disappeared. That is unparalleled."

But beggars even may show the same truth:

"Ten years ago on the 17th day of the 12th

[1] A *koku* is 5.13 bushels. Estates were measured by the number of *koku* of rice they produced.

month of the year *U*, *Mitsu no to*, of the period *Kyōhō* (Jan. 12, A.D. 1724) a clerk named Ichijurō, in the employment of a merchant of Muromachi, Yedo, named Echigoya Kichibei, lost a purse containing thirty *ryō*[1] as he was returning from collecting some accounts. He thought it had been stolen, but returned over his route looking for it carefully. At last a beggar met him and asked, 'What have you lost? Is it money?' Ichijurō told of his loss and the beggar said that he had found the purse and sought its owner. So Ichijurō exactly described its contents, money, papers, and all, and the beggar gave it back to him. In his joy at the unexpected event Ichijurō offered the beggar five *ryō*, but the beggar would not take them. 'It was all gone and you returned it. Do take five *ryō!*' said Ichijurō. But the beggar persisted, 'Had I wanted five *ryō* I should not have returned the thirty. But I did not think it mine when I picked it up. I thought that some one had lost his master's money and would be in trouble. Some men might have kept it, but I found it and desired to give it back. Now as I have returned it my business is at an end.' And off he ran as fast as he could go. But Ichijurō took an *itchi bu* from the purse and followed him crying, 'It is cold to-day! Take this for *sake*.'

[1] A *ryō* was the standard coin. Its value varied greatly at different periods, as the coinage was often debased. A silver *ryō* was worth, say, $1.33, and a gold *ryō*, $6.50. A *bu* was one-fourth of a *ryō*, silver.

So the beggar took it and said, 'I 'll drink the *sake*.' And in answer to a question he said, 'I am Hachibei, a beggar of Kurumazenshichi.'

"When Ichijurō went home and told his story his master wept in admiration and determined to give the beggar the five *ryō*. So on the following morning he sent Ichijurō and his chief clerk to Zenshichi, the beggar's master, to ask him to try and persuade Hachibei to take the money. But Zenshichi said, 'The beggar Hachibei got a *bu* somewhere last night and called his friends together and had a feast of fish and *sake*. He drank a great deal himself, and whether it did not agree with him, he died this morning.' Ichijurō was astonished and asked the man not to send the body off or have it buried, but told his master, who sent for the corpse and expended the five *ryō* on a funeral. It was certainly wonderful that a merchant should thus be affected by righteousness.

"Hachibei was not an ordinary man. Doubtless he entered the beggars' guild because homeless and alone. When he had money for a feast for his companions he thought it a good end and choked himself. Had he been in power he would not have used his authority to take things belonging to another. Some men are *samurai* in name but beggars in heart—that man was called a beggar but was, in truth, a *samurai*."

But this identification of righteousness with loyalty and self-sacrifice was exaggerated until a

disregard for one's life could atone for crime, and recklessness became the first of virtues. By its excess we the more clearly see that true self-sacrifice can be attained only after the sanctity of the person, in others and in self, as sacred and of God, has been perceived.

"In Kaga I had a friend, a *samurai* of low rank. While absent in Adzuma with his lord, his son Kujurō, fifteen years old, quarrelling with a neighbour's son of the same age over a game of *go*, lost his self-control, and before he could be seized drew his sword and cut the boy down. While the wounded boy was under the surgeon's care Kujurō was in custody, but he showed no fear, and his words and acts were calm beyond his years. After some days the boy died and Kujurō was condemned to *hara-kiri*. The officer in charge gave him a farewell feast the night before he died. He calmly wrote to his mother, took ceremonious farewell of his keeper and all in the house, and then said to the guests: 'I regret to leave you all and should like to stay and talk till daybreak; but I must not be sleepy when I commit *hara-kiri* tomorrow, so I'll go to bed at once. Do you stay at your ease and drink the wine.' So he went to his room and fell asleep, all being filled with admiration as they heard him snore. On the morrow he arose early, bathed, dressed himself with care, made all his preparations with perfect calmness and then, quiet and composed, killed himself. No old, trained, self-possessed *samurai* could have

excelled him. No one who saw it could speak of it for years without tears.

"At the beginning of the affair I wrote to his father: 'Though Kujurō commit *hara-kiri* he is so calm and collected that there need be no regret. Be at peace.' But as Sugimoto read the letter he remarked: 'A child often will be brave enough as others encourage it before the *moxa* is applied, and yet burst into tears when it feels the heat. My child is so young that I cannot be at peace until I hear that he has done the deed with bravery.' As the proverb says, 'Only such fathers have such sons.' I have told you this that Kujurō may be remembered. It would be shameful were it to be forgotten that so young a boy performed such a deed."

The stories could be multiplied, for they illustrate the unchanging ideal of righteousness. Shinto neither inculcated it, nor contained illustrations of it, yet Shinto, with its worship of the marvellous and its deification of the wonderful, was the true expression of the soul of Old Japan, a soul which, come to self-consciousness, found disregard of self, devotion of the self to death as the supreme sacrifice, and worship of this ethical self-sacrifice to be its true religion.

Yet Shinto again asserts itself. All the devotion of Old Japan—its loyalty to baron and leader, its passionate disregard of life and self, gathers around the Emperor. It is a new cult. Repeatedly in the past men rebelled against him, de-

posed him, and treated him with contempt. But in our day he has become the symbol of the nation. Around him gathers a dim belief in his divine origin and in the present power of the long line of his ancestors. All officials join in the Shinto rites before the shrines of Emperor and heroes—and all investigation which lays bare the facts of the remote past is discouraged. A belief in the nation embodied in the Emperor has become the people's creed, and a passionate patriotism is their religion. As they were in the past so are they to-day—but a broader outlook and a higher vision have been combined to translate the politics of feudal days into the world politics of the twentieth century. It is no longer clan against clan, nor even West against East, but Japan against Russia winning for the divine land its rightful place among the foremost nations of the earth.

CHAPTER X

THE LIFE OF THE "SAMURAI" IN OLD JAPAN

ARAI HAKUSEKI has given us a picture of the character and the life of the *samurai* of Old Japan. He lived in the middle period of the long peace which followed the victories of Tokugawa Ieyasu, while the power of the *Shogun* was still unshaken, and the thought of coming changes had not entered the minds of the most progressive men. His autobiography was written for his own family, in 1716, and it was given to the public only in 1890 when a variety of manuscripts by the author were printed. It has therefore the advantage of being written by a Japanese for Japanese, without thought of foreign reader or critic, and it gives a picture of life truer than may be possible in these more self-conscious days, when Japan has adopted a policy and is never unmindful that the world watches its success. Arai does not describe Japan for the traveller, nor for the student, but he writes when his day's work is done with the unconsciousness of the man whose environment is unchallenged

and whose ideas are the expression of an orthodox philosophy.

He claimed descent from the two most aristocratic of the princely families, but his grandfather had lost his estates and Arai refused to believe the stories told of him. Arai's father made his own way in life and at Arai's birth was past middle life and the trusted adviser of a petty noble. Arai describes him as a representative *samurai:* "As I remember my father he was very grey, his face was square, his forehead high, his eyes large and his beard heavy. He was short, large-boned, and strongly built. He showed no sign of emotion in his voice, nor did he laugh loudly or scold in an angry voice. His words were few, his movements dignified, and I never saw him surprised or lacking in self-control. When off duty he cleaned his room, hung up some ancient painting, arranged a few flowers of the season, and sat still all day or sketched flowers. He did not care for coloured pictures. When well he would not have his servants wait on him at meals. He ate two bowls of rice and a variety of other things, weighing them that he might not hurt himself by eating too much of any one. He did not pick and choose, but ate what was set before him, whether he fancied it or not, weighing the dishes in his hand to determine the quantity. He did not order his meals, though he insisted upon having the fresh food of the four seasons when it was in market, and ate it with the family. He was easily affected

by wine and merely took the cup in his hand at the ceremonies. Tea he much liked.

"At home he wore carefully washed clothes, nothing soiled even in bed, and when he went out his clothes were fine and new, but not extravagant nor beyond his rank. He chose carefully the decorations for his fans, having his better ones decorated by famous artists, and still more particular was he as to the ornaments of his sword and armour. His life followed a strict and uninterrupted routine: he awoke at four in the morning, bathed in cold water and dressed his own hair. In very cold weather my mother wished him to use hot water for his bath, but he would not, because of the trouble to the servants. When he was past seventy fire was kept in the foot-warmer at night and, as water could be heated there without trouble to any one, he used it for his morning bath.

"My parents were Buddhists and after their bath they put on special garments and worshipped the Buddhas, and on the anniversaries of the death of their parents they prepared the rice without aid from the servants. When they awakened before dawn they sat up in bed and silently awaited the day, arising as soon as it was light enough for them to see.

"Father's road lay to the north, but he went out of the south gate, and turned to the east, returning he went to the west and entered by the north gate. His sandals had iron knobs and he

walked with resounding steps, giving notice of his approach. All knew his tread and hushed crying babies at the sound."

In this the classical examples were followed: in the morning he turned to the east, and in the afternoon to the west, for he would not turn his back to the sun: he walked with loud steps, that he might not be thought to sneak upon any one unawares, and his whole conduct indicated a man of self-control and self-respect. He knew also the nature of his countrymen, as Arai illustrates:

"While still a young man father was put in charge of three *samurai* who were charged with murder. He accepted the position on condition that the swords of the men were returned to them. When this had been done he said to his prisoners: 'If you escape cut off my head and take it with you. I cannot fight three men.' So he took off his own sword, wrapped it in a cloth, and put it aside. Unarmed he ate and slept with them for ten days, when they were acquitted. They then told him how they had determined to fight him, three unarmed against one armed, but that they could do nothing when their swords were returned and his made useless. It were better to stand trial than for three men armed to attack one without a sword."

Arai briefly describes his mother: "She wrote a good hand, composed verses, read many books, was a skilful player of *go* and on the musical instruments. She thought women should weave

cloth and make clothes, so she made father's and mine. I have some of her making yet. The proverb says, 'Like marry like,' and so was it with my parents, they were alike in words and actions."

Arai's father was involved in troubles in the clan, and in his old age lost his position, and he and his wife shaved their heads and took up their residence in the temple of Tokyo, of which they were parishioners. The mother died when she was sixty-three, "leaving father and son," Arai writes, "in loneliness inexpressible." The father died when he was eighty-two, Arai being then in good circumstances, having retrieved the fortunes of the family.

Arai's education was severe. Evidently his father did not aid him, but his mother gave him all her assistance. He began to write when he was three and to study poetry when he was six. At eight an immense task in writing the Chinese ideographs was set him, keeping him at work until late at night. When the days were short he moved his table out on the veranda, and when he grew sleepy and began to nod his friend threw a pot of cold water over him. So he went to work again, and as he gradually became dry and sleepy again his friend threw a second pailful of water over him and with its aid he completed his assigned task. From his ninth year he conducted his father's correspondence, and from his thirteenth his lord's. At eleven he was taught to fence and took up martial exercises to the neglect,

he tells us, of his books, reading now chiefly stories of the wars. At seventeen he found a book which taught him something of the "Way," so he turned to the Chinese classics and gave his strength to them. He thus sums up his studies: "As I review my life it would appear that I should have made much greater progress had I had good teachers, as I began to write at three, study poetry at six, and the 'Way' at seventeen. When I had time for study I was poor and when books were many I had no time to read. In this matter none has been more unfortunate. That I have so far succeeded is because I followed father's advice and 'attacked the most difficult task first.'"

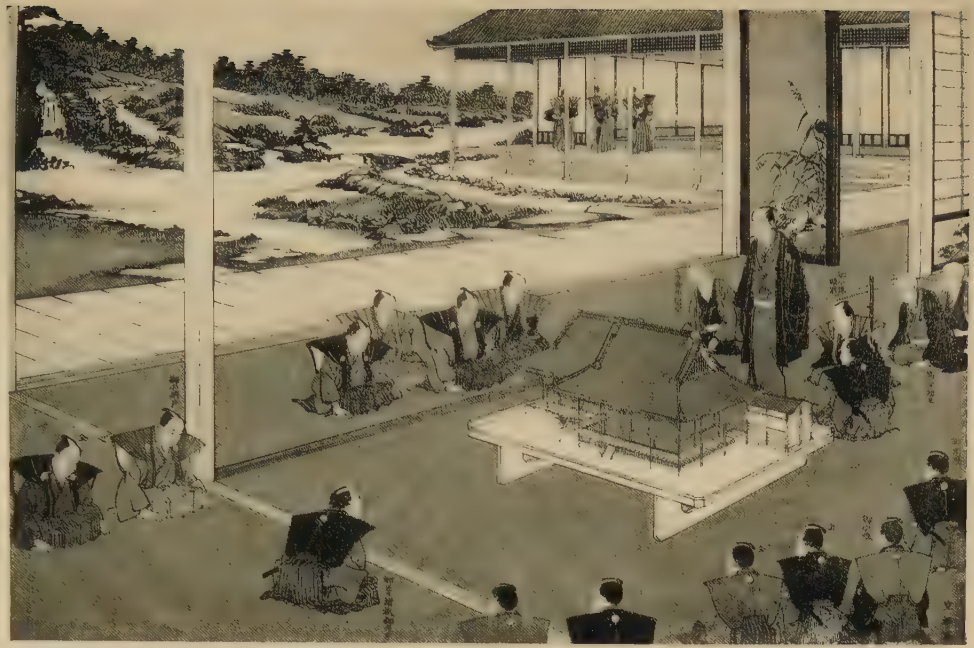
Arai took the same side as his father in the troubles in the clan and suffered with him, when after the death of his lord the heir came to power, and sought his advisers from the party which had opposed his father. Arai became a *ronin*, a masterless gentleman, and no longer officially a *samurai*. He supported himself in various ways, but in his extremity he kept his pride. Repeatedly he was sought in marriage by rich merchants for their daughters, but though offered large portions with the bride he refused with scorn, preferring to suffer as a *samurai* to living in luxury as a merchant. So, too, he refused to seek employment under any other noble until restored to favour by his own master, for had he not been taught that "though lord ceases to be lord, servant does not cease to be servant," and that "no man can serve

two lords"? Hence he waited until at last, his unjust reproach removed, he entered again into the position of an active *samurai*, bringing comfort to his aged father, who had strongly commended the sacrificing course of his son, like him preferring poverty to indignity.

Characteristically, though Arai mentions the women he refused to marry, he tells us nothing of his wife, and mentions his children only in the most incidental way, as, also, he mentions his servants. Of the latter, for example, he tells us that in one instance when he was reduced to extremities two insisted upon following him, and when he told them he could neither pay them wages nor provide them food, they replied that it would be strange indeed if two able-bodied persons could not provide for themselves and also serve him. So they had their way and went along.

After various adventures he became tutor to the heir of the *Shogun*, and on his accession to the throne Arai was made court lecturer, a position of high honour, and, in Arai's hands, of commanding influence. Never did preacher take his task more seriously, for to him the Chinese philosophy was the expression of the final truth of the universe and the inspired guide for man. It set forth "the Way of Heaven and Earth and Man." During nineteen years Arai lectured more than 1299 times before his lord on the Chinese ethics, philosophy, history, and poetry. He describes the scene thus: "Yearly when the lectures began we had an

opening ceremony and the courses of study for the year were determined, and at the close of the ceremony I was given two suits of clothes. Lectures began on the fifteenth day of the first month and continued, even on ordinary festivals, to the end of the twelfth month, being interrupted only by very great occasions. When I became feeble my lord bade me come in the evening in hot weather and in the middle of the day in cold. He had one fire-box put between us when the weather was severe, and another behind me. When it rained or snowed he sent a servant to bid me stay at home. Usually he wore his robes of ceremony at the lecture, excepting in summer, when he wore his unextended robes and the skirt of a *samurai*. He did not sit on the dais, but on the mats nine feet away from me, and even in the hottest weather he did not use his fan nor brush away the mosquitoes, and if he chanced to have a cold he carefully averted his head when he blew his nose. Though the lecture lasted two hours, all sat immovable throughout. Spring and autumn he took me with him to his villa, where I had a special apartment, with wine and tea. Often he asked me to write verses. He gave me costumes at the four seasons and gifts of gold and silver at the close of the year. When he became *Shogun* he sent very fine silks to my wife and children in the spring and in the summer thin silks and cakes. He often sent these last, and it became the custom, though it was done for no one else."



IN THE PALACE OF THE SHOGUN. YEDO.

The conception of the State in the Chinese philosophy is like Plato's,—the philosopher should be king. But Sages are few, and common men must shape their lives by the transmitted wisdom of the past. So Arai regarded himself as the teacher of practical righteousness and did not hesitate to rebuke his master. Like many a *samurai* he was almost a Puritan in his notions, and taught the *Shogun* to avoid the very appearance of evil. He reproved him for appearing in private theatricals in the palace, and when, in Arai's absence, some dancing-girls were brought to the Court, Arai on his return sent in his resignation and withdrew it only on elaborate explanations and apologies. He was conscious not only of the evil effects of luxury and of vice, but he valued public opinion, and seemed mindful of the unseen presence of the illustrious dead and of the generations yet to come, and would have conduct so ordered that one might meet his peers of the present, the past, or the future without concealment and without reproach.

In affairs of State Arai had as high ideals as in private life. There was need for reformation. The fifth *Shogun* of the Tokugawa family ruled from 1680–1709. He was at once a superstitious Buddhist and a patron of the Chinese philosophy, but his life illustrated the virtues of neither faith. Profligate and prodigal in his private life, loose and partial in his administration of public affairs, things went rapidly from bad to worse. The finances were deranged, the currency was debased,

taxes were increased, the administration of justice was debauched, and religious superstition at the instigation of Buddhist priests protected birds and dogs at the cost of human lives. The historian tells us that the heads of men who had been executed because of injuries to animals, chiefly to dogs, filled thirty casks, and he sums up the situation thus: "That such a deteriorated Government did not find any one to lead a rebellion when men's minds were full of it was because of the transmitted virtue of the Tokugawa family." We more prosaic and unbelieving foreigners would say, because the fifth *Shogun* died and was succeeded by the sixth, whose philosopher at Court was Arai Hakuseki.

The sixth *Shogun* ruled from 1709 to 1712, and his infant son succeeding lived only until 1715. During these six years Arai was the power behind the throne He lived a strenuous life, and sought a root-and-branch reformation. In some things he succeeded, but in most he failed. His time was too short, the abuses were too great, and the foes of the public weal were too thoroughly entrenched. Let me quote an instance to show how one squalid "touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

"Things were bought and sold by public tender, opened in the presence of officials and merchants, the lowest offer to be accepted and payment to be on completion of the work. But there were gifts to officials when the tenders were sent in, and thank-offerings when the work was done. Those

who gave nothing got nothing, however low their bids. No official failed to get rich and the treasury was exhausted. Things which were worth an hundred *ryō* cost ten thousand, the merchants also getting rich. So they divided the public wealth between them." Arai expresses his judgments without reserve: most of the officials were corrupt, some were stupid, some were pedants, and only two or three stood manfully with him for the correction of abuses.

More foreign to our habits of thought was Arai's regard for the minutiæ of etiquette. Nothing was too detailed for his notice, the shape of the roof of a gateway, the colour of his foot-gear, the style and shape of his scabbard, the position he should occupy, the form of words to be used,—all had profound significance, and were worthy of the study of a statesman. Again we note the influence of the Chinese philosophy, which places propriety among the greater virtues and makes rites as important as righteousness. Sometimes Arai's punctiliousness had to do with grave matters of State. When, for example, a Korean embassy visited the Court of the *Shogun*, Arai studied every detail of its reception with the utmost care, profoundly investigating the ancient precedents and insisting upon many changes in the more recent usage. He compelled the visitors to treat the *Shogun* as a king, and he would yield neither to the Koreans, nor to Japanese officials, nor to the *Shogun* himself. At the great State dinner he

kept the *Shogun* himself waiting for an hour until he forced the Korean ambassador to yield a matter of precedence which was in dispute; and finally, Arai carried his last point by his fierce determination to kill both the Japanese minister who opposed him and himself if he could not have his way. The Koreans yielded, but, on their return home, suffered death for their compliance, and for generations no other embassy followed them.

Arai is credited with most ambitious plans for his lord, even with the design of ending the dual Government once for all, dethroning the Mikado, and making the *Shogun* in fact as in name supreme. As a follower of Confucius and Mencius, he believed in no divine right of kings save the right conferred by fitness. He was familiar with the saying of Mencius, "I have never heard of a king's losing his power, though many a fellow has been driven from the throne." Arai had no faith in Shinto, but rationalised the ancient traditions and scoffed at the common notions of a divine ancestry for Emperor or people. Had the *Shogun* been of an equal resolution, or had the lives of the sixth and seventh *Shoguns* been spared, Arai might have effected this revolution with momentous consequences to Japan and to the world. But of his plans, whatever they were, he says, "Now all is ended like an unfinished dream."

Arai's breadth of mind was shown in his interviews with Father Sidotti. He was a Jesuit who in 1709 was left alone on the shores of southern

Japan, disappearing from the knowledge of Europeans until the publication of Arai Hakuseki's papers in our day. Sidotti was sent as a prisoner to Yedo, where he was examined in 1715 by Arai. His offence in visiting Japan was double, first as a Christian missionary and second as a European, and both offences were punishable with death. Arai visited him repeatedly, setting down the substance of his interviews, and concluding thus:

He is "a very brave man, whose retentive memory holds vast stores of information, sincere, sober, earnest, self-denying, ready to appreciate goodness in others however slight, and with the meekness of a Sage. Born where that odious religion prevails he is not to be blamed that at the order of a superior he left an aged mother and a brother well advanced in years and came hither at the risk of life, enduring the perils and distresses which have overwhelmed him for these six years past. I cannot but wonder at his firm resolution. To put him to death is like shedding innocent blood and does not accord with the conduct of Sages. Nor will he recant to save his life. As he has come in ignorance of our laws instruct him in their severity and send him away." But Arai in this, as in much else, was too enlightened for his times. Father Sidotti was kept in confinement until his death, meanwhile converting the woman and man who served him.

When the infant *Shogun* died, in 1716, Arai with the other chief officials resigned, and he gives

us his final words of relief: "As you know I rose by my own exertions from obscurity to a position high beyond my hopes. Such promotion is not common. With all modesty I may say it has been my duty to study all affairs of State since I became lecturer to the *Shogun*. For more than ten years I have scarcely known what I have eaten, and have been ill with anxieties day and night. With the accession of the infant *Shogun* I was still more troubled, but I purposed renewed diligence until death. But it has all ended like a dream.

"Men think I was content and that I am disconsolate! Not so! My release is like taking the burden from a feeble horse as he stands laden for a long journey. The favours of the present *Shogun* are double those of his predecessors, for he leaves me rank and emoluments and I grow old in peace. I am not ungrateful to my former masters, but what is more painful than a task beyond one's powers? Now I take no medicine, enjoy my food, and grow old in peace, content to leave the time of death to fate. That mind and body for one day should be at rest is the chief good. No pleasure can exceed that."

Arai shut his gate to visitors and devoted his remaining days to literary pursuits. He was historian, critic, poet, economist, and, most of all, statesman, the master of the learning of his time, independent of thought, and withal the active and ambitious man of great affairs.

The life of Arai gives us a glimpse into the real Japan, and as we study his life and his opinions we are impressed with his likeness to great men among ourselves. Could he have been transplanted into the Europe of his day he would have been at home with statesmen and scholars, as *samurai* of like position in our time prove themselves the peers of the leading men of Western lands.

CHAPTER XI

THE LIFE OF THE "SAMURAI," NEW JAPAN

IN Tokyo one meets the *samurai* chiefly as officials and in foreign dress and form. There even the old nobility are of little importance, not influencing the life of the nation, and the *samurai* merely as *samurai* have lost their distinctive characteristics. The chief distinction is between the officials and the people, the new bureaucracy supplementing the older aristocracy. This bureaucracy, it is true, is composed almost wholly of men of *samurai* rank, but the distinction is not imperative. Naturally, in the city one finds a remarkable mixing of Japanese and foreign ways in the present stage of transition. Gentlemen have their clubs, somewhat dreary and unattractive, and European houses for state occasions, with the real home in Japanese style in the rear. The state dinners and state balls are in imitation of similar functions in other lands. Only on some rare occasion is the foreigner admitted to the inner life, and it is best perhaps to seek to understand it away from the capital. Let us therefore take a

journey into the country to one of the great clans where something of the old life is still preserved, and where the gentlemen will entertain us with their own pleasures and in their own ways.

Taking a little steamer from Kobe, in eighteen hours we approach the capital of Tosa, Kochi. The entrance to the bay is impossible when the wind blows strong from the east or south, for the passage winds sharply between the hills; behind them is a landlocked bay on which lies the town. The steamer anchors more than a mile from the landing-place and is at once surrounded with little boats, clean and swift, and decorated with many coloured lanterns and window-slides. Across the quiet waters, reflecting the varied green of the hills, is the low grey town with its tall castle at the farther end, and range on range of snowy mountains for the distant background. The town is like a score that we have seen along the coast, low and mean and undistinguished—can it be interesting or is there anything attractive in this humble place?

Our friends come clambering up the ship and give us a greeting that does not want for warmth or ceremony and we go with them in their swift boat to the shore. A dozen *jin-riki-sha* are at our service and we dash at a great pace down the long, clean streets, across a dozen bridges, past the looming castle, then through a green lane between high hedges, and a grass-covered bank to our house. There is a high gate with roof and

gate-house and a postern for daily use: to-day the great gates are unbarred and we roll in to the veranda, where we leave our shoes and, going in with stockinged feet, are refreshed with a tiny cup of tea.

Then we inspect the house, which is placed at our disposal for a few weeks,—the mansion of a *samurai* of wealth who is residing out of town. It is a rambling old house, one-story for the greater part, with thick brown thatched roof descending in sweeping curves over the polished veranda that runs almost around the house. Most of the walls in the daytime are paper, and, sliding back, make the house a pavilion. It has numerous rooms with unexpected turns and angles and queer-shaped windows, looking from room to room. In the rear is a two-story addition with very artistic rooms, the alcove, shelves, and drawers curious in their disposition and perfect in their workmanship; with windows in the shape of moon and stars in unexpected places, having slides concealing them, which give, the slides pushed back, pretty glimpses of the castle, hills, and river. In the front of the house is a large room arranged for private performances of the ancient sacred plays; it has a finely polished hardwood floor and the slides which separate it from the other rooms are made of wood, painted with birds and flowers and scenes from ancient history.

The little garden is neglected, but is still restful to the eye and so laid out that its few yards

seclude us perfectly from the quiet lane. The floors of the house (excepting the room for the plays) are covered with thick white mats, some of them the worse for wear. There is no furniture, not a chair or bed or table, just the walls and floor. Each room has an alcove at one end with a novel arrangement of shelves; in the alcove hangs a picture and on the shelves is a vase or a piece of bronze. The house needs little decoration, for its whole construction has been carefully studied and the desired effect is perfectly attained. It is not in the least splendid, and it cannot be compared with the beautiful homes of England or the villas of America, for the whole conception is different, and if so elaborate an effect is not obtained, yet the desired end is perfectly reached.

We sleep upon the floor and wake only when the sun is high above the eastern hills. A red-cheeked maid brings in a brasier full of charcoal, and we imagine a rise in the temperature. Next she brings a tiny pot of tea, with tinier cups, and goes away to prepare the bath in the lavatory on the veranda by the garden. After our bath we find the room swept, the bedding put away, and breakfast ready. A fresh supply of charcoal is in the brasier and the steaming kettle is ready for the second cup of tea. We each have a tray four inches high with rice and fish and a peculiar soup in dishes of porcelain and lacquer; and after breakfast loose-skinned oranges.

A Japanese house charms us by its simplicity, but it is a studied simplicity, the thought which is expended upon it sometimes being almost incredible; the matching of the timbers in colour and in grain, the peculiar pieces of wood which compose the ceiling, the style of decoration for slides and walls,—all these are the result of study, and the effect which charms us is the outcome of even centuries of development.

The houses have their great defects—at night the verandas are enclosed with wooden slides, there is no ventilation, and the atmosphere becomes almost unendurable. There is no cellar, and the floors, covered with thick mats, even in the good houses are of the slightest possible construction, admitting easily the poisonous exhalations of the ground: the construction being of wood, the danger of fire is constant. But for simplicity of living, for a house which meets not only the necessities of life but which gratifies the artistic sense at the smallest expenditure of labour, nothing can excel them. In the comparison our own homes come to seem crowded, filled with articles not only unnecessary but obtrusive, and the immense expense of modern life appears to be, not the result of enlightened civilisation, but to be in defiance of intelligence.

Japanese politeness permits early calls, and our guests come before we have finished breakfast. One proposes to show us the lions of the town, and the second has come to ask us to drink tea with

him at a later hour. We accept both invitations and start at once upon our stroll.

The town has nothing splendid or imposing to show, but is monotonous, with its narrow streets bordered by tiny wooden shops, and the houses of the better class are hidden carefully away behind high fences or are in the rear of the shops. All go in the middle of the street—men and women about their business, children at their play, and short, stubby ponies shod with straw and laden with country products. Crossing canals we come at last to the river, where there are boats of many shapes and kinds; pleasure-boats with pretty cabins and brown roofs, fishing-boats with gigantic umbrellas instead of sails, and junks with high, curved poops. We stop at the plain Liberal Club, and inspect its room for meetings, its fencing hall, and its printing-office, the chief reminder of the new Japan. Then we cross the market, where fish and fruit and vegetables are sold with loud voices and gesticulations, and we stop at the great tea house where is a room in which leading men of the various guilds meet to eat dinners and discuss their plans. Leaving town we cross a long wooden bridge, pass a ruined shrine, and climb a pretty hill that overlooks the town and bay. Here we linger long, the December sun filling the soft air with genial warmth; we take *jin-riki-sha* back through the long street to the house where we are to have our tea and where our friend takes his leave.

A servant admits us to a stone-paved court where the son of our host greets us and we go with him through a little gate into the garden. It has a pine, old, gnarled, and outspreading, a tiny pond, hills and winding walks, a little bridge, a shrine, forming a landscape in miniature. Our host greets us and takes us to his "tea-room." No words can do it justice, for this strange-looking old man in plain clothes is æsthetic, and the Japanese can easily outdo his most ambitious brothers of the West. The tea-room opens to the garden, and its exposure is carefully adjusted to the view, everything common or unclean being hidden from our eyes. The ceiling is of well-matched bark, the house tree is an old gnarled post, the queer-shaped polished shelves rest on posts of brown bamboo, each board and stick chosen for its place. The only ornaments are a sentence of poetry plainly mounted and hung across the wall and a camellia in a vase. An iron kettle hangs from a bamboo crane, and the ashes in the fire-box have been curiously heaped and delicately pressed in figures. When we are seated the servant places the utensils for the tea at his master's side—each article a treasure, the lacquered caddy for the tea, the porcelain jar full of cold water, the bamboo brush or beater, and a large earthen cup, hideous in our eyes, but precious to a man of taste.

We are to drink "true tea," and ever since the days of the luxurious *Shogun*, Ashikaga Yoshi-

A STUBBY PONY SHOD WITH STRAW AND LADEN WITH COUNTRY PRODUCTS.

masa, its preparation has followed in detail the strictest rules. But to-day we have the function in its simplest form, with some relaxation of its severity in consideration of our foreign weakness. A silken napkin is taken from the girdle and each immaculate implement is wiped again; every motion of the hand, the very expression of the face follows precedent: a mite of tea is put into the cup and, after cooling, a little water is poured on the tea, then with the bamboo brush it is beaten to a foam and handed to the most honoured guest, who receives it, lifts it to his forehead, looks his admiration of the cup, and then drinks off the draught. Turning the cup part way around he wipes it off and hands it to the host again, for the guest's part, like the host's, is according to strict rule. Again the cup is cleansed and the same ceremony is repeated for the second guest, and then the guests beseech the host to prepare a cup for himself and when he drinks his tea the function is complete.

In Tokyo there are professionals who gain their livelihood by this art. At tea houses and clubs they act the part of host for pay, and go to private families to instruct in the ceremonial. The room itself must be constructed especially and the garden must conform to rules that leave nothing to chance or individual taste. There are various schools that differ somewhat in details, but the main features are the same in all. When the full ceremony is performed an elaborate feast comes

first, then the guests solemnly retire into the garden and take their seats in a prescribed place while the room is rearranged for the making of the tea. While they wait they may compose a verse. When the gong sounds they solemnly file in again to the same room they have left; the feast has been cleared away, the ornaments have been changed, and the water in the kettle is just ready to boil. After the host has drunk his tea the utensils are examined and each one praised in turn, and the festivity concludes with the exhibition of some artistic treasures. It takes three hours or more in its most elaborate form and few foreigners are bold enough to undertake it.

This first day we had only the simplest ceremony, and after our tea the wife of our host entered with the dinner on tiny trays and served us while we ate. After dinner poetry was proposed and long rolls of paper with ink and brushes were produced. The Japanese showed his skill by writing with his left hand in highly ornamental characters a verse of poetry; the papers are given to us as a memento, and we take our leave, the family accompanying us to the outer gate.

Our way takes us by the castle with its park—it is now the public garden of the town, the moat shrunk to half its former size, the walls in decay, but their grimness relieved by trees and moss. The arrow tower which rises above the rest—and in time of siege the last resort—is frequented for the pretty view of town, bay, and hills.

In the evening we have calls with many cups of tea, and smoke, and never-ending talk. We form plans for weeks to come for walks and rides and dinners, for to the *samurai* leisure is unlimited, and they are of untiring courtesy.

One day we visited a breeder of rare fowls—his family had cultivated the curious breed for one hundred years with incalculable labour and astonishing results. The cocks do not moult their tail feathers, which grow steadily from year to year. One cock had a train six yards long, and its proud owner had shown him to the Emperor. So far as we could learn there was no gain sought, but only the pleasure that comes from ownership. The ancestors of the fowls came from China a hundred years ago, and the owner boasts that now in Japan none are pure except his own, so this *samurai* devotes his life to these long tails.

There are collectors of old coins, who possess treasures as old as David's time. One of these gentlemen had a pleasant house, facing a charming garden. As we remarked upon its pleasures he replied, "You observe, of course, that its style is composite, with philosophic and Buddhist motives mingled." So skilfully had the situation been improved that the garden line faded away to the distant mountains. "Yes," he said, "I annexed the mountain." Gardening is an art studied as carefully as lacquer work or painting, for it, too, has its various schools and styles with its differing themes and corresponding treatment.

In many cases it seems to us the height of artificiality, there is so much that is conventional in the development of its themes, but admiration comes with study, and finally the amateur declares that in its highest forms it is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, elsewhere. The highest English authority, Mr. Conder, tells us that this art, like all the ornamental arts, originated in China, but in its present form dates from the time of the same *Shogun* who devoted himself to the tea ceremonial; and that it has had an independent development since its introduction. "No art in Japan has been followed with greater fidelity to nature than landscape gardening . . . the garden is regarded as a poem or a picture, intended to arouse particular association and inspire some worthy sentiment. Sometimes the suggestion of some natural scene of mountains, or forest, or river may be intended; sometimes a purely abstract sentiment is to be conveyed, such as the idea of patient retirement from the world, meditation, or ambition; if, for example, a garden be designed for a poet or for a philosopher, its general description should express dignified seclusion, solitude, virtue, or self-abnegation. The habit of regarding a garden as an ornamental appendage to a building and constructing it with a view to possessing rare collections of plants and stones and making a display of wealth is much condemned by Japanese writers as leading invariably to an effect of vulgarity. Gardening, it is stated,

should be undertaken from a genuine love of nature and with a desire of enjoying the beauties of natural scenery. There should be pleasant retreats for hours of leisure and idleness and, as one writer has poetically expressed it, 'places to stroll in when aroused from sleep.'" When, however, these beauties in their variety are expressed in the space of a few square feet, the imagination becomes fatigued and one would as soon think of strolling in a child's toy village "when aroused from sleep." But in the great gardens of the rich, the effect is all that Mr. Conder can suggest.

The love of nature that so distinguishes the people suggests charming and elevating pleasures. As spring comes on, picnic parties go to the gardens devoted to the plum and cherry, for the flowering trees and choice plants have special gardens devoted to them, the plum, the cherry, the wistaria, the iris, the azalea, the peony, and the chrysanthemum, and their flowering makes successive fêtes. When the cherry is in bloom, the whole city goes out to enjoy the spectacle. We select a pleasant day in the early spring and start off with a company of our friends. A pleasant walk across the fields and through shady lanes brings us to the garden; it has walks and hills with a little lake and a winding stream. We sit in an arbour and sip our tea and smoke, and in good time dinner is served. If we are genuine Japanese, we compose a verse. Finally,

in the same leisurely fashion we go home, satisfied but not fatigued.

Sometimes we take longer tramps through the woods and up the mountains, that we may enjoy the splendid scenery in its glory and not in miniature. In frequented parts of the country we are sure to find a tea house with its refreshments, just where we wish to stop and feast our eyes upon the scene, for this is the choicest of all lands for inexpensive jaunts and journeyings. With little packs upon their backs our young friends go off to see the world: students make long and inexpensive tours, visiting famous places, and there is an immense moving from place to place, the public roads being thronged and all like a prolonged picnic. Even the coolies who go along to bear the burdens find a pleasure in their work, and the chief maxim is, Never be in a hurry, no matter how many days are spent upon the road.

In the old days when the *samurai* went with their lords to Yedo, the longer the time upon the way the happier the progress. There were innumerable cups of tea and pipes of tobacco and early stops and late starts. The journey counted as part time of the hated stay in Yedo. If they went part way by sea and the winds were dead ahead, so much the better, for the longest and slowest journey, with the most delays, was most highly prized. Enough of this spirit still remains to provoke or please the foreigner according to his mood.

One day we went a-fishing—not wading in the forest but sitting quietly on cushions in a slow-moving boat, with tea and pipes and fans, while the fisherman in the bow amused us by his skill in throwing the net and capturing the finny tribe.

Our great apartment was put in requisition for a play; the actors were semi-professional, and the performance lasted all the afternoon. The theme was mythological and it belonged to the style of drama called *No.* Only the specially educated enjoy it, and its patrons are scholars and men of rank. It is strictly legitimate and severely simple, like all Japanese high art, and there is a great deal of solemn posturing to discordant music which is too Oriental for our taste. The posturing of the miscalled dancing girls is a poetry of motion too difficult for our eyes to unravel, for its meaning is more obscure than the verses even of the archaic Shinto poets. Sometimes we can detect a meaning, as of the falling of autumn leaves, but usually the movement is too slow and repetitious and conventional for uneducated and foreign eyes. Sometimes the dance becomes an orgy, but this is never associated with the *No*, but is reserved for after-dinner debauchery. As the posturing is too difficult for the dull foreign eye, so is the music for the dull foreign ear. To us it is like a crash of inharmonious sounds, out of tune and key; sometimes the solo work is intelligible, but the full orchestra, except in occasional passages, rends our ears. So far as we can judge,

the effort is to reproduce the sounds of nature, and Confucius highly esteemed it, holding it a mighty means for government, but only now and then do the forms take such shape that we can dimly discern them or briefly enjoy them.

The solemnity of the *No*—which our Japanese friends followed seriously with book, taking it as earnestly as the student does his Wagner opera—is relieved by a farce full of humour and excellently acted. It serves as a relaxation, and is in striking contrast to the masks and antique magnificence and elaborate phrasing and posturing of the *No*.

To visit the theatre is not good form for the *samurai*, but is the amusement of the lower classes. In this province in the old days it was forbidden altogether. The play lasted all day, the actors were men of very low repute, and the acting often obscene and coarse. The bad esteem in which they were held is shown by the fact that the auxiliary numerals used in counting them were those used not for men but for beasts.

But Japanese sports are not all of this easy-going nature. Invitations to hunting parties are declined, although we afterwards received the spoils. Japanese gentlemen go far away to the mountains in pursuit of game, for Buddhism has not succeeded in teaching this martial race of men to give up the soldier's sport, and the Japanese *samurai*, though accomplished in art and letters, are still more expert with sword and spear and

A FARCE BEFORE THE WIFE OF THE SHOGUN.

bow. In the fencing halls men well protected on head and body fence furiously, using two-handed bamboo foils with which they strike but never thrust. The match begins with bows to the floor and closes in like manner, with apologies for harsh treatment. Sometimes the duel becomes a battle with a score of men on either side.

One day we had an exhibition with the sword that illustrated a chief phase of *samurai* life in the old days. The most famous swordsman of this very warlike clan came to our house and for half an hour showed us how in every position he could draw his sword and kill his adversary. Bowing until his head touched the floor, he could cut down his enemy before he raised his head from the profound obeisance which neither would omit. The stealthy attack from behind and sudden two-to-one attack in front were alike anticipated and foiled; alone in a crowd, in the street, or in his home he must be ready, for his life depended upon making no mistake. Our swordsman was the most unoffensive and kindly of men, but as he took his place and began the practice of his art, a strange, hard expression passed upon his face and it did not seem mere play.

Assassination with the sword was a fine art in Japan, sometimes for reason of State or politics, sometimes for private revenge; for revenge was legalised—a sacred duty, and he who neglected it was despised, so sons avenged their fathers and soldiers their lords, and even women took up the

feud. Certain formalities having been observed, the duty could be fulfilled at any time or place—the method was not of consequence: the enemy might be surprised and cut down at sight, struck at from behind, or overpowered—every plan was legitimate that secured the end. Sometimes it was a fair duel between men of equal skill, but such fair play was not essential, as no one asks fair play for a condemned criminal. But, with one killing, the feud was at an end. The ability to draw the sword and cut down a man at sight was the equivalent of "getting the drop upon a man" in the lawless society of the Far West a few years ago in the United States. In Japan this was not the passing phase of a rude state of society, but the legalised custom of centuries, so, of course, there were many skilful swordsmen. Nowhere has the cult of the sword been carried to a completer development; if it be drawn in wrath it can be returned to the scabbard only when stained with blood. In a duel both contestants lost their lives, the victor committing suicide, and the seconds also taking their lives, yet men fought duels—sometimes with seconds.

The soldier's spirit was fostered in the schools for the *samurai*. In the famous school in Aidzu the boys began the day with the worship of Confucius, and his philosophy occupied their thoughts for years. They learned to ride and fight and shoot. They left their homes at an early age, thenceforth the feudal lord being in place of

father. They were divided into groups, and their natural rivalry was fostered into enmity, so that they fought furiously among themselves, but, like their seniors, always according to strict rule. Some clans lost this martial spirit during the centuries of peace, but Aidzu proved the most stubborn of the Tokugawa followers, and when at last it yielded to the southern clans, some of the wives and mothers, following the traditions of the past, killed their infants and slew themselves, for they would not survive the defeat of their fathers, brothers, and husbands.

Besides fencing there was archery, but we saw little of this, as it has gone almost wholly out of fashion. One day, however, some mounted archers shot at successive targets, their horses on the run, with just space enough between the targets for the arrow to be put in place if the hand were true and no mistake were made. The old men were skilful and easily surpassed their youthful competitors, for it had once been part of the work of life, while now it is only an exciting play.

In earlier times the feats of skill and endurance were extraordinary. In Kyoto is a temple with a veranda one hundred and twenty-eight yards long and sixteen feet to the roof. An archer has sent more than eight thousand arrows down its length in twenty-four hours. And in Tokyo, on a veranda of the same dimensions, in twenty consecutive hours an archer discharged more than ten

thousand arrows, half of which traversed the distance without hitting the roof. The roof is full of arrows, the memorials of failures innumerable.

The prettiest game was polo. In the spring the *samurai* played every day for a week or more in a grassy lane by the river side. There was a high bank that answered for the grand stand, where were banners, and booths and cushions, with refreshments for the hungry lookers-on. The people began to gather in the early morning and picnicked all day, during the morning strolling along the river or chatting at their ease. At one o'clock the game began. Twenty horsemen gathered at the far end of the narrow lane and at our end were both goals. Each rider has a ball, ten reds and ten whites, and each is to throw his opponent's ball through the goal, preventing him meanwhile from returning the compliment. At the signal twenty balls are thrown down the lane and twenty riders follow at full speed. With long bamboo sticks, with dainty nets fastened at the ends, they pick up and throw the balls, each seeking to send his opponent's ball on toward the goal and his own back toward the starting-point. The contest grows intense as the balls grow less, the crowds applauding and urging on the combatants. Riders are unmounted, there are sharp encounters of men and horses—finally some especially brilliant horsemanship or long, skilful throw gives the victory. The victors ride back to the head of the lane, shouting and swinging their clubs; the van-

quished walk slowly back, leading their horses in their humility. With changes of players the game continues all the afternoon.

One sees little of the wives and women of the families. At an elaborate dinner party given by the leading *samurai* of the province, his little daughter, ten years old, was present and sat in the middle of the room, never stirring during the long feast save to give orders by a slight motion. She formed the most charming part of a beautifully constructed picture, but the wife of our host and his older daughters did not appear. After I had been repeatedly to the house of a friend, at last, with apologies, he introduced his wife as one might venture to present a higher servant. The marriages are arranged in infancy. A modern *samurai*, educated abroad, objected to the early betrothal of his son, but his wife insisted, saying, "If you wait, all the girls of his age and rank will be engaged, and then what shall he do?" It was unreasonable, he said to me, but inevitable, and he followed his wife's advice. There are stories told of unreasonable men who divorce many wives—one as many as ten before he could suit his unduly fastidious taste, for marriage has never taken the place it has attained with us; it is far too one-sided, with the obligations on the weaker side. The wife waits on her husband and never eats with him; she is as a servant in his eyes, and he treats her on the same terms and with the same language as his other servants. She

stays close at home, knows nothing of the world, does not participate in the thoughts and plans of her husband, nor dream of equality. Doubtless her position is better than the position of wives in many Eastern lands, and there are often mutual love and respect and happy life at home, but the closer the inspection of the Eastern home the less it seems to satisfy the ideals we have been taught to form.

Life in remote Japan is quiet, narrow, and yet does not lack for interest, as we have seen. There are books, manly sports, æsthetic enjoyment, and the pleasure that comes from rank and power; it is calm and leisurely, without hurry or ambition. The young men are full of life and spirit, the elders are mildly *blasé*. Men who have hardly reached middle life are ready to withdraw, hand their estates and honours to their sons, and, as one said to me, "go a-fishing for the remainder of their days." From Emperor to shopkeeper, it has been the fashion to abdicate. The pride of possession is not great, as with us, and resignation for them is an easier virtue; so they make sacrifices without a thought, which we should think well-nigh impossible. Their feelings are intense but not deep; there is a serene unconsciousness of self, for personality is not supreme, and they feel themselves to be parts of the universe, not its centre. They are schooled to dignified repression of emotion, yet are fervent admirers of strength of any sort; they are hero-worshippers, and as long

as the worship lasts are self-sacrificing followers of their demigod.

In the new era the *samurai* are oftentimes in financial difficulties: a few still retain hereditary estates; others have invested the bonds they received from the Government fortunately; some, again, are successful in business enterprises, and a very large number are in the employ of the Government. Possibly in these various ways one-half are provided for, the others having sunk down into the masses of the people, retaining only the nominal rank of their family. With the change in their position, the framework of society has been largely destroyed, and with it the old ethics and the old social traditions, leaving little in its place. The older men, like older men in most lands, lament the change, feeling that the morality of the nation has deteriorated and desiring strongly a termination of the moral interregnum—their problem being what to substitute.

The Japanese of the modern day is filled with intellectual curiosity. We never lacked for subjects for a talk;—my old friend, the collector of ancient coins, with the little garden that "annexed the mountain," would talk of Old Japan and then of Darwin and Huxley and Mill — the oldest thought of ancient Asia mingled constantly with the newest thought of the most progressive West. It is sometimes said that the Japanese are not frank and refuse to admit foreigners to the secrets of their lives; but night after night we

spent long hours, seated upon the mats, asking and answering questions, they seeking information of our Western lands, and I asking them in turn whatever I desired to know of their customs, their history, their purpose, and their lives; and never anywhere could one wish to meet a group of gentlemen more responsive or more frank. As one remembers his own experience of the hospitality of the *samurai* of Japan, of their welcome for a stranger, of their courtesy through weeks of intercourse, of their desire to minister in all ways to his enjoyment and his instruction, one can only feel that nowhere are there men more worthy of esteem and more likely to win our affectionate regard.

The chief amusement in a place like Kochi, after all, was conversation — the intellectual life was keen and the interest great. Twenty years ago every foreigner was supposed to be a mine of information: in this visit, for example, we were asked questions as to prison reform, the proper basis for a national currency, the best method for the establishment of banks; whether it would be better to build a railway across the mountains to the inland sea, or to dig out the harbour and widen its entrance so that it might be easy of access for sea-going steamers; whether, on the whole, for a nation in the situation of Japan, a militia would not suffice without a standing army; as to the various forms of constitutional government, Germanic, British, and American, with their adapta-

tions to Japanese needs; as to the expediency of opening certain mines and the probability of profit from them; and, with all these practical questions on many subjects, problems which were more abstruse,—the origin of species through the struggle for existence; the comparison of European and Chinese idealistic philosophy; the definitions of time and space; and as my specialty, the profoundest topics of theology and of human destiny, for English is the key which opens the door to knowledge, and we, possessing the key, were supposed to possess the knowledge. It was all relatively superficial, of course, for the men, as has been said, were in the position of a rustic, untechnical but intelligent, on his visit to a World's Fair. First of all, he must obtain a slight knowledge of much before he could expect to master anything in its details. It is characteristic of this stage in the Japanese intellectual development that students desire to get at once at the heart of the matter and are impatient of beginnings. If, for example, they learn that Kant or Hegel is the great authority in philosophy, they do not understand why they should not begin with the greatest —omitting introductory and lesser works. They would even carry this into mathematics and physics, and so have gained for themselves among foreigners a reputation for an appearance of knowledge without its substance. In part this was only a passing phase, for the Japanese have shown themselves quite competent to master in

their completeness our lines of study, and yet it is indicative, in part, of a certain attitude of the Japanese mind. Study for them is, on the whole, for the exceptional man, and courses should be arranged for them—dullards and sluggards dropping out or gaining little, as is natural.

If the chief amusement was talk, the chief business was politics. The *samurai* still control the Government. Tosa early broke from its allies in the Three Clan League and entered a path of its own with Mr. (now Count) Itagaki as leader. A liberal league was formed, half secret, throughout Japan, and its head was our host. His followers told us that their loyalty to him was because of his unselfish devotion to principle, and he described his aims as seeking the development of the common people and the elevation of the masses to the status once occupied by the *samurai* only. He proposed therefore a parliament on the plan of England's with a liberal constitution and the representatives of the people supreme. The party triumphed in part in the Constitution given in 1889, but twenty years ago it was still in the midst of its struggles. Several of the leading men of Kochi had been already imprisoned by the Government, and at a later period, 1887, were imprisoned again on an administrative order. So that politics was associated with enough of danger to make it highly exciting, for they never knew when home might be exchanged for prison. Their spirit is best illustrated by their course at

that time. When my dear friend, Mr. Kataoka was arrested in Tokyo one Sunday night, he demanded the cause, but the officers refused to talk with him. The next morning a higher official came to the prison and told him that he could leave up to twelve o'clock, if he would take the train to Yokohama and the steamer that afternoon for Kochi and remain there in his own home, away from the capital for three years; otherwise, he should remain in prison for the same period. But Mr. Kataoka told the officer that though the Government with its power could keep him in prison for three years or for life, no power could force him, seemingly of his own will, to cross the city and go from the capital of the nation as if he were a criminal when he had committed no offence. So he remained in prison until twelve o'clock, when the doors were closed and he was held for eighteen months.

At the close of that period, on the giving of the Constitution by the Emperor, Mr. Kataoka and his friends were pardoned and immediately entered into a fierce political contest for the control of the first Parliament. Returning to Tosa he was offered his choice of the districts, three of which were almost certainly liberal and the fourth as likely conservative. He chose the conservative district, saying that if any portion of his own countrymen would not send him to Parliament, he would prefer to stay at home. The district was Buddhist in its faith, and Mr. Kataoka was an

elder in the Presbyterian Church. This fact was used against him by his opponents, and he was urged by his party leaders to give up his office in the Church, but he replied that if he must choose between the Church and the Parliament, he would take the Church. It is worthy of mention that Mr. Kataoka's course did not injure his political career; indeed, precisely these qualities win the Japanese heart. Until his death he represented his district in the parliament, through all the vicissitudes of the changing political situation, and for the last four years (until December, 1903) he was the speaker of the lower House.

The intense political feeling manifested itself in violence. The Government arrested men and imprisoned them without trial, and the opposition responded with plots and riots. Even after the Constitution had been granted and the Parliament elected, the Government curtailed liberty of speech and printing, and was charged with unfair attempts at controlling elections. Mobs formed in many places, and the unenfranchised masses were used, by all parties, to coerce the electors. Later, bands of ruffians were formed for the same purpose, men who were supposed to represent the spirit of the ancient masterless *samurai*, ready for any exploit, and not loath to deeds of violence.

All this proved only a passing phase, but it was followed by a still more sinister development. The Imperial Diet has been charged repeatedly with corruption, its members being accused of

selling their votes and their influence. The charges are doubtless founded upon facts, and the condition is likely to be permanent; for the members are underpaid, and they are drawn for the most part from the class which is without financial resources, so that temptation comes with especial power. Nor has patriotism yet set a standard which makes the bribe-taker or -giver a sinner or a traitor. Yet a public opinion is forming which condemns this, and we would not imply that the Japanese are sinners above others. Only, in this as in other things, they have no monopoly of virtue, but with constitutional government acquire also its vices; and as Arai Hakuseki shows us, official corruption is not a novelty, only its expression through the representatives of the people being peculiar to the present time.

The ancient disregard of life continues; and there are many examples. In 1891 a subordinate official killed himself on a temple veranda a short distance from my house in Tokyo. He made a statement of the causes leading to his suicide: For years he had been stationed in the northern island of the Empire and had brooded over the designs of Russia. As a petty officer he could not hope to gain the ear of the Government, and so he killed himself, that by his death the attention of the public might be called to his views.

When the Prince Imperial of Russia was attacked near Kyoto the whole Empire was moved by the outrage upon a guest of the Emperor, and

a few days later a woman killed herself upon the same spot, explaining in her letter that she was a native of the village with the ruffian who had attacked her Emperor's guest and that she could not survive the disgrace.

In 1889 Viscount Mori was killed by a Shinto fanatic. The assassin was not a priest nor connected with the temples where the alleged offence had been committed, nor had he any public position, but was the self-constituted avenger of a slight to his nation's gods. Killed at once, he was made a hero by the Tokyo populace, not because it sympathised with his views, nor because it was opposed to Viscount Mori, but purely because it admired the courage and self-sacrifice of the deed.

Again, Count Okuma, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, returning from the office to his residence, was attacked by a *samurai* who threw a bomb toward his carriage. Fortunately, the Count only lost his leg and not his life, but the would-be murderer killed himself before he could be arrested. That night I chanced to be in various places of resort where *samurai* assembled, and from all I heard only expressions of admiration for the deed, the daring of it, and the readiness with which the assassin took his own life.

The Chinese philosophy has taught men that only worthy rulers have a divine right to govern, and it has further taught the lower officers that on them depends the honour of their native land. Hence the *samurai* have esteemed themselves re-

sponsible for the policy of the Government, for the conduct of national affairs, and for the deeds of statesmen. We in our Western fashion leave reforms to the officers of the State, or through great popular movements we seek to bring about a change, and we do not imagine that to each one of us there has been committed a personal responsibility which we must discharge at the cost of our own lives. In these things the intelligent man of good position in the United States is at furthest remove from his compeer in Japan.

CHAPTER XII

THE COMMON PEOPLE : FARMERS, ARTISANS, AND ARTISTS

THE life of the common people is much like the life of the peasantry in other lands. Next to the *samurai* ranked the farmers, and some of these men were rich and lived in abundance and even in luxury. I remember the farmhouse of the older brother of a friend, standing far removed from the public road, an avenue of great trees leading to its somewhat pretentious gate. Within the gate was a mansion, comparable to the one described before in Tosa, with many rooms and a beautiful and ancient garden. The owner was a farmer on a very large scale, with five hundred tenants, and his land had come down to him through many generations of ancestors by strict primogeniture. His tenants were at his mercy, as they owned only their cabins and the land on which their cabins stood, and not a foot besides. He could not turn them out of their houses, but he could deprive them of employment at his will. My friend, in illustrating the completeness of his

father's control, pointed out a cabin with the stump of a tree beside it and said: "My father had that tree cut down. I remonstrated, saying, 'The peasant gets much pleasure from it,' but he replied, 'So much pleasure that by and by he will begin to think the tree his own, so I will cut it down at once.'"

The custom as to tenant right varied in different provinces. In Tosa the peasant could possess his land so long as he paid the rent and could dispose of his lease as he saw fit, nor could the landlord increase his rent, and all the profits from improvements were his own. But in the neighbourhood of Tokyo, more directly under the Tokugawa rule, the peasants were at the mercy of their wealthier landlords. This farmer of whom I speak was not only landlord, but petty magistrate, and he was permitted on occasion to wear a single sword. Yet, though he was the most important man in the region, he was at the mercy of the *samurai*, and when the officials came through the district, they would stop at his house, use it as their own, treat his wife as if she were a servant, and go on their way without a cent of pay. So disagreeable were these visits that the farmer compounded for them, paying the officials a certain rate per year with which they could entertain themselves at the village inn.

Before visiting the home my friend charged me carefully as to the language I should use to his brother's wife, "For," he said, "if you use the

terms with which you address the city women, she will think that you are mocking her; therefore talk to her with plain speech."

The farms of the peasants average one acre and a quarter each, and four-tenths of the products are paid for rent. It is plain that the support of a family on six-tenths of the products of an acre and a quarter is a matter of the greatest difficulty. A farmer brought me his accounts, showing the gross results of a year of labour. It came to $18, and out of this he bought most of the food which he ate and paid for all his expenses, for the peasant farmer cannot eat the rice which he grows—he must sell it and buy cheaper food, rye, wheat, and millet. In addition to the rice, he raises, on the borders of his fields and every scrap of otherwise unused land, vegetables, with which, and the cheapest of fish and the grains mentioned, he must be content. Only on high festivals, once or twice a year, can he indulge in the luxury of rice. I said to the farmer who showed me his accounts, "How can you ever make two ends meet?" and he replied, "By arithmetic the feat is impossible, but in actual life we somehow manage it."

Clothing, of course, is of the simplest, and in hot weather is almost wholly wanting. The woman shares with her husband in all the labours of the field, as of the house, and has an independence unknown to her more favoured sisters in the capital. The pleasures are found chiefly in connection with the neighbouring temple and with

PEASANTS TRANSPLANTING RICE.

journeys to remoter shrines and places of note, for the common people manage in their poverty to travel. They are formed in associations in which each member pays one cent a month as dues, and once a year lots are drawn and the favoured few, taking the whole sum collected, go on pilgrimage. Sometimes on the journey they wear peculiar hats and special garments, handed down from year to year. They carry banners and with them goes some man who acts as guide, and at every point of interest volubly and loudly describes the scene. Especially in the intervals of farm work one sees these groups, aggregating thousands, going by the cheapest conveyances, stopping at the cheapest inns, eating the cheapest food, and having an amount of pleasure which any one might envy.

Only when taxation becomes unendurable does the peasant yield to discontent. There are stories in Old Japan of fierce gatherings of farmers who destroyed their landlord and his property and sometimes carried their grievances to the capitol. But under the new régime such risings are unknown, partly because the weight of taxation is less and is no longer subject to the whims of individuals, partly because the peasant now has the same rights with other men and there are other means for making his needs known, and partly because he finds new opportunities for gaining the objects which he desires.

Naturally enough, the state of morality among the peasants is low. In some provinces, in the

past at least, there was a good deal of infanticide or, if the infant daughters were not killed, they were sold to lives of infamy. The men, brought up without respect for women and without ideals of high virtue for themselves, sought their pleasures in ways little above those of animals.

The hard life with its limited interests and narrow outline has driven thousands of men in the last few years to the cities. In the old days they were forbidden to leave their homes; there were barriers on all the main roads, where travellers were checked and examined and sent back if they could not give a good account of themselves. But with restrictions removed, thousands of young men have given up their ancestral homes with the monotonous toil and scanty remuneration. The *jin-riki-sha* men in Tokyo are largely recruited from the farmer class, as they find liberty, larger pay, less constant toil, better things to eat, and the amusements of the city. Their pay is about two cents a mile, and they earn varying sums per day. In a private family the *jin-riki-sha* man is content with eight dollars per month, out of which he buys his food and perhaps supports his family. He is the most pampered of his fellows, though sometimes the men who stand on the corners of the streets earn much more money for a time. It is customary to engage them at rates settled in advance, for short trips or for long. Often, like cab drivers in all lands, they attempt to take far more than their lawful fare; and sometimes discus-

A PILGRIM TO MT. FUJI.

sions as to the rate of pay are noisy and prolonged, but if the traveller is wise enough to make his bargain in advance, he may be certain that his human steed will find no fault and faithfully perform his part to the end. On long journeys the *jin-riki-sha* men are changed at stages of, say, ten miles, but occasionally they prefer to go the whole day, making journeys that seem incredible.

On the west coast of Japan a man pulled me in one day fifty-five miles over ordinary country roads, up hill and down. I remonstrated repeatedly, but he told me that his home was at the end of our route, and he desired to get back that night. It took him eleven hours to cover the distance. At its end, taking me to the hotel, while I engaged my room and exchanged salutations with my host, he threw water over himself and put on a clean robe. Then he followed me to my room in the rear, bowed himself to the floor and said: "You must be tired after so long a ride, and I desire to know if there is not something I can do to help you."

Sometimes we would engage men by the week making a round of resorts and on these trips day by day, perhaps thirty miles would be an average run. On such long journeys the men come to consider themselves your personal servants and your friends; they are on the outlook for whatever they think will amuse or interest, pointing out bits of scenery, telling the incidents that they chance to know from history and, if they find you are interested,

say, in flowers, bringing specimens. With unfailing politeness and good nature and endurance, on the whole I do not think that the coolies of Japan can be equalled by those of any other race or place. The men engaged in a family for such work could be trusted absolutely. They would take little children for any distance and to any place and their employer would be certain that no harm would come and that they would defend his interests as their own.

The artisans in the ancient régime ranked next the farmers. Nowadays the old distinctions are gone and the common people mingle as elsewhere, with little which is distinctive in life or thought.

The first impression is that the artisans are skilful, careful, and trustworthy. The second is that they are careless, idle, and ready to take advantage of ignorance or a want of vigilance. It used to be said among foreigners that one perilled his soul's salvation if he attempted to build a house, and that no one was such a saint that he could build two without losing all claim to heaven. For example, after a severe earthquake, in a time of rain, the tiles on the roof were displaced, and the entire interior of the house was threatened in case of a shower. A messenger was sent post-haste for the carpenter. Late in the afternoon he came and heard, patiently, the story of the damage done. The second day he appeared and deposited a ladder; the third day he put the ladder against the house, ascended it, and inspected the injured

place, and finally, on the fourth day the work began.

An addition was to be built, and one noticed with interest the procedure. A contract had been made with a responsible man, so that our interest was merely in the fashion of the workman's life. Leisurely, at eight o'clock or thereabouts the men assembled, made a fire of chips, heated water, prepared their tea, smoked their pipes, and then began. After an hour and a half of steady work they stopped, started up the fire, drank a cup of tea, smoked a pipe, and then went back to work. At noon they took a full hour for rest and lunch, with another pause for tea and smoke in the middle of the afternoon, and an early stop for the night, gathering around the fire once more for another cup and another pipe before they parted.

Bad material, bad workmanship, extortionate prices are as common as elsewhere, perhaps not more common, notwithstanding the protests of foreign residents who are sure the Japanese are without rivals in delays and carelessness and general unreliability. So much we allow for the debit side of the account, and for the credit?

If one will exercise thorough patience, and possess expert knowledge, if he will be as nice in his choice of men as in his native land and will be as ready to pay large sums for fine work he can procure results almost unrivalled. It is a mistaken notion which is the cause of many difficulties that fine work in Japan is cheap, and that the

ordinary workman is to be trusted implicitly. But the ordinary workman in Japan is like his fellow everywhere, and the extraordinary workman in Japan is also like his fellow, unusual by definition, difficult to discover, and when discovered conscious of his own value, and we may add, worth the estimate. When we get over the notion, once for all, that there is an inherent difference in psychology, and that the Japanese is something mysterious for either good or evil, and come to deal with him as with our common humanity, we find sure ground, and get on at once.

Japanese houses for the most part are flimsy in construction, with almost nothing beyond a superficial cleanliness and an artistic simplicity to recommend them. The wood of which they are made is badly seasoned and full of knots, the floors are covered with thick mats, so that the boards are left unmatched, with unfilled knot-holes, and generally untidy and unformed as if anything would do. Then the finish is given in paper, or plaster, and a little fine-grained wood is carefully chosen as ornament. Possibly the common fires have had to do with the miserable construction, it being a kind of insurance to put into the dwelling no more expense than would be covered by a few years' rent.

When a different fashion is required it can be furnished, but with these requisites,—unlimited time, unlimited patience, and a seemingly disproportionate disbursement of funds. For good work,

as already indicated, is expensive and is in demand only by the rich. Yet when all is said, there is still a balance on the side of the Japanese, for even the cottages, miserable as they are, have an appearance which does not grievously offend. When one thinks of the rows of cottages in many factory towns in the West, without a touch of beauty, ungraceful, gaunt, disorderly, even the tiny cottages of Japan seem attractive in the comparison. They at least do not offend the eye, and if they are not built for ages, they cost little to construct, little for rent, and serve their purpose before they reach their predestined end and go up in flame and smoke.

When the work is fine, it is extremely good, and very costly. I remember a villa in the suburbs of Tokyo which belonged to a wealthy merchant. It was large, and yet in general form and fashion was like any Japanese house, but the pains which had been taken and the expense incurred were incredible. Thus, the wood in the different rooms differed in kind, and in each the exposed framework was absolutely of a colour and a grain. The timbers which supported the floor above, running around the room, had been so matched in grain that the lines seemed continuous. No less care had been taken with the garden. In its midst there was a hill, an imitation of a famous mountain, and the gardener told us it had been erected and destroyed fifteen times before the owner could be satisfied with the slope of its sides.

In the ancient days the best artisans were artists, and they were independent of the changing markets. Employed for life by the feudal barons, they worked at leisure and were under no temptation to substitute quantity of output for its perfect quality. Indeed, the tradition has it that in some instances, as in the kilns of the Lord of Satsuma, the workmen were told to break every piece which showed any flaw, as the entire output was for the Baron, and was used by him or given to his friends. Artisan and artist were indistinguishable. Ornament was not essentially adornment, but it was the perfect formation of some useful article, made beautiful according to the canons of accepted art. For such creations time was essential, whether the work be in lacquer, in metals, in porcelain, on silk, or in wood. Another fashion of work was common, when the main things were speed and cheapness, but even these productions had an artistic quality which could not be omitted in the workmanship of this æsthetic race. A foreigner wants so much for so much in such a time, and he can get it, of a most uncertain quality. But the transaction belonged to a commercial class, and the Japanese artisan of the highest order was not commercial but feudal. That is, like the *samurai*, he had his own ideals, and his own status, and his own way of life, and with these he was content, not being engaged in a scramble for more money or a higher position.

An artist painted some pictures for friends of

mine who were travelling. We discussed the subjects and the methods of execution, and left the painter to his own ways and times, the pictures eventually to meet my friends at home after their leisurely journey around the world. At the same time the artist agreed to paint a picture for me. Its theme was religious,—the original disciples of Buddha after their attainment of salvation,—and its execution involved much detail. Long after, when the transaction had almost faded from my memory, the artist appeared with the picture, complete and mounted. His only response to my words of admiration was, "I have put my heart into it." He had painted at his pleasure, when in the mood, and nothing would have tempted him to work when the spirit failed. The sum he asked was twenty *en*, perhaps fifteen dollars at the current rate of exchange. He was not putting a price upon his work, but worked for the love of it, and the price enabled him to supply his simple wants. He lived in a tiny tenement in the rear of a shop, in a plebeian part of the city. His rooms cost him perhaps three dollars a month, and the rest of his living possibly ten dollars more. It was plain living and high art. So one would find the best workers in all the arts, in tiny apartments, in the rear of shops, with the suggestion of a garden, with the simplest wants, and working care-free at their ease.

The artist, to whom we have drifted from the artisans,—for the first in Japan is only the second

working for the love of his handicraft,—has his secrets and his etiquette. It would not be Japan if organisation had not been carried to the extreme, so there are guilds with dinners, ceremonies, initiations, and mysteries. Families hand down the secrets from generation to generation, and the art is more than blood or kindred. For if the son shows no skill or aptitude, then some promising apprentice will become the heir and inherit the name and the headship of the family, as of the guild or school. This accounts for the long lines of distinguished artists and artisans and actors and all the rest. It seems astonishing that so often for many generations, son should follow father in possession of high ability until one learns the facts and discovers that adoption takes the place of nature and supplies a son who can take the father's place not by the lottery of heredity, but by the surer selection of long training and years of test, the ablest coming to the fore.

In such an atmosphere, where the thing is more important than the man, it is difficult to distinguish the original from the copy. For as the secret of the art is handed down, and, as time passes, its preservation becomes all important, almost a religious rite, copying becomes a fine art. Originality disappears, and generation follows generation in the well-worn path. When now an original is desired and not a copy, it, too, can be produced, with all the marks of age, and as such desires become common it is easy to supply the

demand, so that one may have originals so long as his desires and his purse hold out. If one knows the trick there is no concealment, but the visitor will be shown the process in the shop, and one may buy his antique in the making.

Showing some friends one day through a well-known shop in Tokyo, while they were employed in looking at a variety of articles I strolled around the place and the proprietor called my attention to a peculiarly beautiful bronze antique. I know nothing of bronzes, but drew my bow at a venture, remarking, "Yes, it is very beautiful, but I prefer something which shows plainly that it is new. For I fear this preparation which gives the antique appearance will show wear, and the effect will be ludicrous." And he replied, "You need not hesitate on that account, for the preparation is so good that before it wears off the vase will be really old." So if in a commercial age people want things for fictitious purposes and at fictitious values they can be produced in quantity, in haste, with any marks desired, costly or cheap as you may wish, the work of artisans who meet a commercial demand. But if one wishes art in house building, in porcelain, in lacquer, in ivory, in painting, in gardening, or in silks, he must do as the Japanese do, wait in peace and pay as the artist works, with honour for honour, and respect for respect, and value for value.

CHAPTER XIII

MERCHANTS, WOMEN, AND SERVANTS

APART from all these classes, and beneath them are the merchants. "There is such a thing as trade," said an old *samurai* to his pupil, "see that you know nothing of it, for trade is the only game in which the winner is disgraced." In a thoroughgoing feudal society, where personal gain was excluded, where men were to receive their daily portions and therewith be content, the man who sought gain was outside the pale of respectability. Merchants there must be, as there must be scavengers, but both are to be avoided and despised. With such a name it is not surprising that merchants came to deserve it. Trade was a game in which each sought to overreach the other.

There are a few great merchants, for the most part men who have held lucrative contracts for the Government. Arai Hakuseki has shown us how high-minded *samurai* regarded them in his day; and in our own, gentlemen can scarcely restrain their wrath as they speak of "Government

merchants," who become rich from their contracts, and seek luxury at the expense of the people. As in Arai's day officials were supposed to share in the spoils, "so they divided the wealth of the people between them," in our day also scandals are not infrequent. But, though the secret history of Japan would show how it has been possible for officials on meagre salaries to build expensive villas and to live like men of wealth, yet the evil has been kept within bounds and has not, as in the past, affected public efficiency.

Besides the great merchants, there were rich money-lenders, who made loans to the feudal nobles. The rate of interest is excessive, ten per cent. per month being not uncommon. Many of these men lost heavily at the restoration, and their place has been taken by a system of banks organised on the Western model. But here, too, the rate of interest remains high, showing the low stage of commercial development.

With this change there is also the formation of commercial companies for steamships, mining, manufacturing, with a bourse, and all the modern methods for enriching the "public." Great factories, too, have been built, degrading labour by long hours, insufficient pay, and the employment of children; for public sentiment, which should restrain unscrupulous employers and compel the enactment of proper laws, does not exist. Nothing is more threatening to the future of Japan than

this sudden development of commercialism. The old standards are gone, a new appetite for wealth has been aroused, and thus far no corresponding sense of commercial honour has been developed. Probably nothing so injures Japan as its want of a commercial code of ethics. Certainly commercialism in our own lands is far from impeccable, and one sometimes smiles when he hears the Japanese especially denounced; but when all allowances are made it remains true that the Japanese are in universal disrepute, in striking contrast to their Chinese neighbours on the continent, and to their own reputation in all other walks in life. But in a commercial age like our own it is the commercial code which after all finally determines position, and unless Japan reform and bring to its commercial transactions the same intelligence and the same honour which characterise its other departments of life it will bear a stigma which its friends will be powerless to remove.

But our dealings are for the most part with the petty shopkeepers, and their behaviour seems vexing or delightful according to our mood. If shopping be a serious affair, to be accomplished in the shortest time, with the least expenditure of strength or money for the desired result, then the shops are a trial and a vexation of spirit. But if the shopping be an amusement, a fashion for whiling away an unlimited amount of time, with a fair chance of failure after all, set off by another chance of some astonishing success, then it will

be an unmixed delight. Ladies, foreigners, in Tokyo make discoveries of choice shops in unexpected places and keep their situation to themselves, like sly fishermen, or take some chosen friend in triumph and pledged to secrecy.

To buy means to bargain, usually, though there are shops where the rule is one price. But the difference between asking and taking is often immense; a vase for which twenty *en* was asked, and for which two *en* was bid, being sent in haste down the street after the purchaser, when she had told her *jin-riki-sha* man to go on, as she had no more time to waste. But not only is there bargaining, but sometimes a seeming reluctance to sell, as the price, having been made for a single article, is increased when you wish to buy a dozen, for that would exhaust the stock and put the proprietor to the trouble of getting more. And often the merchant has denied the possession of a certain line of goods, until his customer repeats and repeats again her knowledge that he has it, when finally he sends his clerk and produces the article from his warehouse in the rear.

Really here, too, the feudal notion still prevails. Only in exceptional instances is there enterprise, and the ordinary man is satisfied with his humble and uneventful life. All day long he sits upon his mats, with pipe and tea at hand, going through the same simple routine and varying it only on festivals or great occasions, when he shares the simple pleasure of his class, in theatre, or in

gardens, or with a few friends he has a quiet dinner at an inn. It costs little, he has no desire for more, he lives as his father lived, and as his son after him will live. And as to his customer, he measures him by a feudal standard too.

In a commercial age we pay for what we get, and it does not matter who we are, or what we have. But in a feudal society men pay according to their place and possessions. Forgetfulness of this and the intrusion of American commercialism into Japan as if eternally right has accounted for much disillusionment. I knew an American woman who learned precisely the accepted rate for a *jin-riki-sha* from her house to the railway station, and more she would not pay. As a result she could get only strangers to serve her, and they never a second time; for only the poor paid the rate she offered and others gave according to their rank. The man who would willingly make the trip for the American's cook would not stir for herself at the same rate. A Japanese gentleman pays twice or thrice the rate his servant pays, or feels himself disgraced. So, too, at the inns the foreigner in passing through the office notices the rates posted in plain sight: first class, thirty cents for supper, room, bath, and breakfast; second class, twenty-five; third class, eighteen; and feels offended when his bill is sent him for a dollar, but still, compared with a Japanese of rank, he gets off cheap. For when the Japanese enters his room the maid brings him tea and cakes, and he

puts his tea money on the tray. Soon she returns with a receipt for the tip from the master of the house. The amount of the tip shows the estimate the guest puts upon himself and the amount of service he expects. With a charge of thirty-five cents first class, a gentleman may put down two dollars for tea money, if he be extravagant, and then on his departure tip all the servants in addition, or he may give any less sum, even ten cents or five. The treatment varies with the tip, but, after all, one thus pays not for what he gets in room or bath or food, but for courteous consideration and the respect due to him as a gentleman.

The same custom has obtained in shops, so that well-known men sometimes avoid the districts where they live and make their purchases elsewhere, and save at least fifty per cent. by their trouble. For as all Japanese social life is arranged on the basis of distinctions and differences, even the language not permitting the same word to superior and to inferior, why, then, should commerce be the sole exception and men pay only and strictly on the basis of what they get? It savours, to the Japanese, of selfishness. One man has more money than another, not that he may be more luxurious, but that he may support a larger number of his fellow-men. So was it in feudal times: when a *samurai* got an increase in pay it did not mean that he should have more ready money, nor that he should lay up a store against illness or old age, but that he should have a larger house

and a greater retinue of servants, and thus provide a livelihood for a greater number. According to the political economy of feudalism this is the proper use of an increased income, and according to feudal ethics any other course is inspired by selfishness, and is evidence of a meanness which invites contempt.

We have described the fashions of payment in an inn,—perhaps we may spend a night in one. Nowhere has the art of innkeeping been more studied, yet it is of late date, for inns were built first for the accommodation of the feudal nobles and their trains on their procession to and from Yedo, in the Tokugawa days. In the earliest times none would entertain a stranger, and even the sick were left to perish in the open, so that travel was difficult and dangerous. Now they are to be found in all parts of the Empire, and are of all degrees of excellence, but, for one who is inured to Japanese life and can do as the natives do, there is a charm about the best of them. After three or four days in the mountains and a final day of many miles of hard and lonely walking, ending with twenty-five miles or more in a *jin-riki-sha*, I am rolled up to the gateway of the most famous inn in one of the most popular resorts overlooking the Inland Sea. Instantly I am loudly greeted from within, and a moment later a group of servants with the host warmly bid me welcome. I sit on the narrow veranda, and remove my shoes; then as a small tub of

warm water is brought at my request I wash my feet and enter. Passing the kitchen, which is in front and serves as office, I notice that the rate, first class, is thirty-five cents. The maid takes me past a court in which there is the suggestion of a garden, a tiny pond and carp, with shrine and bridge and tree, to a long suite of rooms in the rear looking off over a rich landscape to the distant sea. I seat myself upon a cushion; the maid disappears, and returns soon with a teapot and cup and a dish of cakes upon a tiny tray. I drink the tea *ad libitum*, eat the cakes, and chat with the maid. To-day I am tired, hungry, and shall be extravagant, so when I have finished I put a dollar on the tray for tea money. She thanks me, withdraws, and soon returns with a receipt from mine host.

Now she makes my room by putting up screens in the little groves which separate the space covered with mats, and as the walls are thus formed on two sides my room is lined with pictures in gold, the floor is covered with fine white mats hedged with red silk. The alcove by the place of honour forms a third side, and it has a bronze vase with a plum branch, for it is early spring. The fourth side has translucent slides, and pushing them aside I look out towards the sea. By and by the maid comes again and asks if I will have a bath. I ask if it is ready, and she says, "No, it is not hot enough." Then I ask if I am the first guest to arrive, and she says, "Yes."

So I ask her to put in some cold water and to let me go at once, as foreign flesh cannot stand the heat of their hot baths, and guests take precedence, using the same bath in order of arrival. She laughs at that and goes to put in the cold water, and coming back brings bath-robe and towels. The bath chances to be slightly retired, and not in the centre of the most open space, as is common. I find it still hot enough to take away my breath as I get in and shiver from the heat, but the maid cries out: "I 'll heat it up, and make it warm, for I know you are too cold." After a little hot water and tubs of cold I go back to my room, and dinner is served. Three little tables in succession appear, soup, four kinds, and fish—also four varieties—and a bit of game with the Japanese sauce *shoyu*, and rice from a wooden tub with bamboo sprouts, and lily roots, and tea. It is a dinner for an epicure, and takes away the last traces of the evils of the day, and makes the traveller supremely content.

After a smoke I clap my hands and ask for my bed, telling the maid that foreign bones are soft and that I must have an unusual number of quilts. So she brings in three or four and heaps them upon the floor. They are stuffed with cotton and covered with silk. When I have spread my sheet over them, my one foreign weakness, it is a bed restful for the weary traveller. Another quilt is drawn over me and I sink off to sleep. The lamp has been put out, but an old-fashioned Japanese

lantern takes its place, which burns bad-smelling vegetable oil in a little basin with the wick just peeping over the side. Close by my pillow—that happens to be my coat rolled up, for the Japanese head-rest must be mastered young, like golf—is the tobacco tray, as one smokes on waking up at night. And indeed if one awakes at night he will hear from some portion of the inn the tap of the metal pipe on the side of the bamboo receptacle for ashes, showing the commonness of the custom, and the necessity for the provision.

The inn at night leaves much to be desired, provided one has not acquired Oriental nerves, for every sound is audible throughout, as the rooms are separated only by paper screens, and there are people, Occidentals, who object to rooms without doors or windows or locks, enterable on any side by pushing back a smoothly moving slide. But in my experience in Japanese inns I suffered no inconvenience from this peculiarity, save once, and that was my own fault.

Early in my residence, while I was acquainted still only with town-bred Japanese, I crossed the bay of Tokyo in a junk with a Japanese friend to hold a service in a country town. Arriving at eventide my friend took his bath, we had our supper, and waited for the congregation to assemble. The meeting was to be in the inn, its broad expanse of mats offering the largest accommodation. At eight o'clock, no one appearing, my friend said he would go up the street and soon be back.

At nine o'clock no one had yet appeared nor had my friend returned. At half after nine I was still alone, and, sleepy from my day on the bay, and thinking our notices had gone astray and that the meeting would be the following day, I called the maid, had the slides put in place, the quilts on the floor, and soon was comfortably disrobed and in my resting-place. Hearing a slight noise, I looked up, and saw to my dismay the slides pushed back and the congregation seated and filling the inn. I was apparently the only one at all disturbed or surprised, they doubtless thinking my reception one more foreign peculiarity. I had not learned that in the country hours are later than in town, and that ten o'clock is not an unusual hour for meetings. The peasants will sit for hours and listen to discourse after discourse. I have been asked to preach three consecutively, —not a proof of my eloquence but of their endurance,—helped, it is true, by cups of tea and cakes and tobacco.

Sometimes arrivals are late and departures early. I have spent the night at inns where there were only two or three hours of quiet, and where one wondered how the servants stood the strain of such continuous late and early hours. Very often, too, especially in summer time, fleas in abundance emerge from their hiding-places, the straw-stuffed mats being just to their liking, and attack the traveller. One could tell large stories on this theme.

MASSAGE.

But this night, near the inland sea, neither late arrivals nor insect foes disturbed our slumbers, and in the morning, after tea and rice, with fish and eggs, we took our leave, not forgetting a small present to the maid. Our host with all his retinue followed us to the gate, bidding us a happy journey, and at the farthest corner of the town as we turned out upon the highway to the port were our hostess and our maid, bowing deep salaams, and shouting their farewells.

Would one see Japanese life in its simplicity, he should visit any of the innumerable resorts in the mountains. Bathing in hot water has had high attractions from the earliest times, possibly because nature has provided facilities so abundantly. Almost every district has its resort, where the hot water rushes out of the earth and at the expense of piping supplies endless opportunity for pleasure and healing.

Around the spring villages are built, in picturesque confusion, often clinging to the mountainside, the foundations of one house level with the roof of the next, with narrow lanes and winding walks thickly lined with cottages as if land were priceless in value, with the population as dense as in the metropolis. Sometimes the houses are in a valley, with a single street, and the hot water led in pipes of bamboo down its centre.

One may provide himself, as he will, with rooms only, bringing his own servants and food, or, as with the poorer people, cooking his own

meals. This need be his only expense, save the tiniest fee for the bath. It occupies some prominent position, preferably the middle of the street, and the custom is for men and women to make their toilets in their rooms and then walk to and from the bath in complete unconsciousness of anything surprising or immodest. Or one may find an expensive suite of rooms in some fine inn, and be furnished his food and all he needs with, possibly, in these degenerate foreign days, a separate bath in private.

The springs vary in temperature and in quality. There are some which are pure hot water, some which are redolent of sulphur, many which are a compound of strange ingredients, and some which are so very hot that even the Japanese need mercy. One, for example, much frequented by patients grievously afflicted, is of such a temperature that the unfortunates who must use it enter in companies at the sound of a bugle, and are cheered in their endurance by the attendant, who tells them every few seconds that only so much of their torment remains. One very strange bath, of exceptionally low temperature, only two degrees below blood heat, has bathers who remain in the bath for two weeks at a time, sleeping and eating in the water, floating at night with a stone on their stomachs to keep them in position. Naturally these baths are chiefly for those who need them, but in many a resort the pleasure is the chief thing, and it is not unusual for the visitor to take six or eight

dips a day. But besides the bath there is little to do, no driving, no gatherings for afternoon scandal and divertisement, no balls, and no cards. To bathe, to eat, to rest, to play chess or *go*, to look languidly over the display in the little shops, and perhaps to make an excursion or two to places of interest in the neighbourhood exhausts the list of pleasures. Foreign visitors find their chief interest in tramps to waterfalls and mountain peaks, but the combination does not seem to appeal especially to the Japanese.

He climbs mountains, too. We have already referred to the societies among the common people for the provision of funds for the needed expense. So universal is the passion for journeying and climbing, for visiting sacred peaks and shrines, that I do not know another country so provided with admirable resting-places for the traveller. It matters not where one goes, how remote the district or how inaccessible the mountain, one is certain to find, excepting in the rarest instances, just what he (he being a Japanese) needs. Thus one may reduce his luggage to a minimum and go in faith, for such trips are not that one may display his fine clothes nor follow expensive amusements, nor make a laborious imitation of city ways, but are simple outings, with the pleasure of life in the open air, with new and beautiful scenes around one, without care or interest as to what the public thinks, nor so much as a wish to seem other than we are. And when

we find our stopping-place for the noontime or for the night, we are not disturbed by some great public dining-place, nor do we pay for immense public rooms overdecorated, for which we have no use, but we have our room, where we and our friends can have privacy, sitting-room, dining-room, and bedroom in one. And, about the inn, is something on which the eye can rest with pleasure, a fine view from the window, if that be possible, or, at worst, the bit of a garden which is never forgotten. If we desire company we can have it; the people of the house are ready for a talk, and will make the opening. If they meet with a response, perhaps, if it be a time of leisure, all the company will gather around the stranger and ply him with questions about Tokyo, the place of residence written on his passport, or still more at length about his native land.

One would not idealise or imply that all is beautiful. The tourist will find one night, likely, enough. There are rats which scamper over the thin boards composing the ceiling, and fleas in the mats on which one sits and sleeps, and odours at night in the unventilated rooms, and sounds from all the adjoining apartments, and late arrivals and early goers, with a *menu* without bread, or butter, or meat, or potatoes, or pastry, or coffee, or almost anything which pleases the Occidental taste. But as we look at things through Japanese eyes, and as to the manner born, we have yet to find another land where vacations are so rational and inex-

pensive, or where all the needs of the excursionist, for short trips or for long, for the outing of a day or for the longest journey, are so provided for. The land itself invites excursions as it invites hot baths, and the Japanese respond to both invitations with avidity. For no town is without some natural attraction within easy reach, a mountain, a waterfall, a lake, or at least a hill with a great grove and temple, or, if there be not time for these, then the never-failing gardens, with their succession of changing charms.

Yet Japanese enjoyments are not wholly of these quiet and idyllic kinds. Twice a year in Tokyo are two weeks of wrestling matches, when the champions of East and West defend their titles against all comers, and finally engage in a struggle with each other for the supremacy of Japan. The sport goes back to the remotest antiquity and has always been held in honour. This is the more noteworthy, as the career of an actor has been held in contempt, and its exemplars have been denied the common rights of men. The relative positions are indicated by a story told of the champion who, invited to feast with the greatest actor in Japan, in the modern era, offered him a cup of tea, putting it on his foot and so lifting it instead of proffering it with his hand. The actor affected not to see the cup and ignored the affront.

When the wrestling festival is on, multitudes assemble at the temple and make holiday. The

wrestlers are of immense size, and, contrary to all our notions of training, put on flesh. They grip each other and strain and push. A fall is gained when one is forced from the ring, or if any part of his body, except his feet, touch the ground, and it has not been unusual for men to be killed in the contest. Sometimes a champion meets opponents in succession, and wins his position at the top only by defeating all. The spectators seem to forget their Eastern stolidity; they shout, applaud, and throw gifts to their favourites,—money and clothes, and even watches.

Of late years the students in the colleges have taken up baseball, with boat races, and athletic sports. But though they manifest great interest, still they have not yet acquired that serious devotion to victory and records and the championship which menaces our student life.

Nor are public contests disfigured by betting. Indeed gaming is forbidden by law, and although, as everywhere, it more or less prevails, yet it takes its place among forbidden things and is not widely prevalent, for, in striking contrast to the Chinese and Siamese, the Japanese are not a gambling people.

Nor are they drunken. There are *sake* shops in abundance, and far more than enough is drunk. There are drunkards, too, and one sees, first and last, a large number of drunken men on the streets, though I do not remember seeing a drunken woman. But none the less, the people are not

WRESTLERS WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

drunken, and excess in drink is almost as rare as excess in eating. Opium is not used at all. Taught by the example of China, the Government forbade its importation and made its prohibition effectual. On the other hand, tobacco smoking is almost universal with men, women, and children. The tobacco is mild, not to our foreign taste, and it is smoked in tiny pipes which hold three puffs and answer a large purpose in killing time through the labour of filling them. Three whiffs, then knock out the ashes, refill, and light again from the charcoal in the box, and continue at leisure all day or night.

The great blot on the social structure of Japan is its treatment of women. We do not mean that there are not happy wives and honoured mothers and carefully nourished daughters, for there are many such, but woman's status is Asiatic. As we noted in the earliest traditions of Japan a naïve indecency, so when foreigners first came to Japan there was still a naïve indecency. The records of the past are disfigured by a lawless yielding to passion by the men, and none of the heroes has been distinguished by purity. The standard has in part changed, and Japanese come to look at these matters through foreign eyes, adopting our notions, and yet the road is a long one to reformation. Licensed prostitution has advocates in Western lands, but it is most repellent in practice. The *Yoshiwara* must be supplied, and parents furnish their daughters, trading a child's life for a little

money. That such a situation could be recognised by law tells the whole story and needs no comment. It is true the prostitute thus condemned to a life of shame through no fault of her own, but by a parent's act, does not lose so completely her position and her honour as does her sister in the West. She may still be visited by her parents, and ultimately return home. The position has even been idealised, as when the sacrifice of herself by a girl to gain sorely needed funds for a parent has been represented as righteousness, corresponding to the sacrifice of his life for his lord by the *samurai*. But the condition of public opinion which permits such sacrifice and does not condemn the parent for accepting the reward of it need not be described. The sexual relation is regarded as any other natural instinct, to be gratified by men as freely and as promiscuously.

In the earliest period of Japan marriage was merely the acknowledgment in public of a relationship already formed in private, and a man might have as many wives as he could get or support, for it was only the wife who was bound to faithfulness. And so now, the notion of chastity has not the connotations it possesses in Christian lands. The daughter owes obedience to her father. She is to marry, to become a concubine, to enter the *Yoshiwara* at his will, or to remain a virgin. She has no property in herself nor any sanctity which she may maintain against him who is her lord. When she marries she changes her

allegiance, that is all, and is subject now to her husband as before to her father. She is the property of a man, and if she yield to another, excepting at her lord's command, she uses what is not her own, and father or husband may kill her. As in all Far-Eastern ethics, as has been said, the obligations are "perpendicular," from the lower to the higher, from inferior to superior. And the converse does not hold: the superior is not beholden to his inferior. As the father gives no account of himself to the daughter, so the husband gives none to the wife. It is enough if he treat her kindly and provide for her support. He may bring home a concubine if he will, or he may absent himself at pleasure. Probably there is not even the attempt at concealment, for jealousy is one of woman's cardinal sins and she is early taught to avoid it. A youth would not conceal his first adventures from his mother, and from her would receive cautions only as to the danger of disease, or of infatuation which should impair his fortunes. The nation suffers in society, in the home, and in its physical condition for its violation of nature's laws. Once more we note that this, together with the want of commercial honesty, is constantly named as the deepest disgrace to the Japanese.

Gross as is the evil, yet one does not see in the streets such exhibitions as in parts of London and New York, nor are the Japanese peculiarly passionate. It is not the result of something inherent

in their nature, but of the want of a different standard. In the long history, not Shinto, nor Buddhism, nor the unwritten social law, has taught the virtue of self-restraint and chastity, and the protests of men like Arai Hakuseki remained without effect. This relation of man to woman has been without thought of shame or of a different code of social life. Separated from the world it could continue as it began, but, brought into contact with the West, there are many signs that the "old order changeth, yielding place to new."

With such a thought of woman, marriage is not the union of two equal persons, nor are husband and wife the chief parties concerned. It is an affair of families and it varies with their importance. Among common men, coolies and the like, it is of little ceremony or none at all, and is terminated at pleasure on either side. In higher stations it is an affair of go-betweens and negotiations. When a husband or a wife is desired, a go-between is called in who understands the circumstances and promises to meet them. When an eligible *parti* is found, and the negotiations otherwise are complete, a meeting between the prospective bride and groom may be arranged. There may be one such meeting, or three, or none. Sometimes the bride-elect goes to the ceremony wholly unacquainted with the face of the man who is to be her "heaven" and "destiny," for she has been too indifferent to take the trouble involved

in seeing him, and she knows her wish will not affect the result. When the contracting parties have important interests of family and especially of fortune, then the contracts are made with care, and divorce is correspondingly difficult. All the varied interests must be consulted in breaking the contract, as in forming it. The causes for divorce are so numerous that it can readily be obtained, save when these other interests are involved, and in such cases it is seldom necessary. For if there be no son a boy may be adopted or a concubine may be procured, and if tempers prove wholly incompatible the two may live apart, the wife in aristocratic seclusion and the husband following his will.

The marriage ceremony follows a prescribed routine. First is the negotiation through the go-between, then the mutual seeing if desired, then the betrothal presents, which are binding and final, then the choice of a lucky day for the wedding. When it comes the bride arrays herself in white, the colour of mourning in sign of her death to her home, and is taken to the bridegroom's house, where she drinks two tiny cups of wine with him and then retires to her apartment where her gown is removed and she is arrayed in clothes of his providing. Then she returns, drinks three more cups of wine with him, and the ceremony is complete. These are the essentials, though details differ greatly and sometimes various elaborations are added. There is neither civil

nor religious rite, though under the new code there must be a change of registration and a record of the event.

In most families the bride falls under the dominion of the mother-in-law, who remembers the hardships of her apprenticeship and revenges herself on her victim. Nothing, perhaps, is the cause of so much domestic unhappiness; so that the bride dreads not the unknown husband but the unknown mother-in-law. To the latter the husband owes first allegiance, and he gives over his little bride to her tender mercies, the newcomer being little better than a servant. She, wholly shut off from her own family, is completely one with the new relationship. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned, and the man becomes the victim, when there is no son, but a daughter. Then the go-between seeks a husband who will give up his family and his name and be adopted into the family of his bride. Only the strongest reasons can compel so unnatural an arrangement, and occasionally, the man, happier than the woman in like case, breaks away, refusing to endure the humiliation consequent upon this inversion of natural positions. Nor does the family care much though he go, provided the end has been secured and there is a grandson to perpetuate the family name.

It is only of comparatively recent date that there have been family names. A few aristocratic names go back to the Middle Ages, Minamoto,

Taira, but most names are of places—Foot of the Mountain, Big Mountain, Foot of the Valley, Above the Moor; or, among merchants and artisans, the place whence a man comes may become his designation, or he may be known by his occupation. The formation of these names is still going on in the same line of development which has given us our own, though the names of trades seem more transient and not so prominent. But even a family name may be changed without ceremony upon some eventful occasion. This happens far too often in history, to the dismay of the student who comes without warning upon some one of whom he has not heard only to be told by his instructor that it is the same personage, as if Disraeli should become Beaconsfield, without note or comment. As a river is not conceived as an entity with substantial unity from source to mouth, but changes its name with almost every change in its varied course, getting new names from new natural objects and new towns and provinces, so may it be with a man. For after all, in the East, the unity of the self is not the chief fact, but the varying stream of life.

As with family names there are complications, still more with personal names. The individual has a "true name," around which a mystery gathers and which is used only on certain occasions of ceremony. Here is a survival of the widespread ancient belief in the power of a name and in the evil which may be wrought by one

price charged by a shopkeeper if a man of position attempts to purchase for himself. For the tradesmen must be watched — all articles are adulterated and short weights are common. If the servant can save his master from the clutches of the tradespeople, he doubly earns his squeeze.

The servants are organised in guilds, cooks and "boys" and coolies, and, for all one knows, maids, their tradition of trades unionism being immemorial, inherited very likely from the Chinese, who are past masters in this as in other arts.

With service cheap, and with a race that loves its leisure, too much must not be expected in amount of work or punctuality. With servants, as with all else, it goes hard with the foreigner who attempts, as Kipling has it, "to hustle the East." Some time what you wish will be accomplished, "when they get around to it," as our American countrymen say; *tadaima* (presently), as the Japanese express it. Perhaps one has almost or quite forgotten his command, but done at last it is, after a fashion. Very likely it is just as good a fashion as our own and the time suits just as well, for after a while one accustoms oneself to easy-going ways.

A professor in the old university told me that the professors were always an hour late, and when I asked why they did not then put the hour for lectures sixty minutes earlier he replied, "Then they would have been two hours late." With such illustrations in the centres of light and lead-

ing, no wonder that the underlings take life easy and work when the convenient season has arrived.

For the rest, they are like servants everywhere. Some are good and many are indifferent or bad. Some are good-natured and lazy, and some are quick-tempered and strenuous. Some are neat and some are slovenly, some honest and some sad rogues, and, in short, all the varieties of human nature are shown. But when one is thoroughly fit, fond of his place, well treated by his betters, trained to his duties, he can make life pleasant for the household, and in his easy-going yet sufficient way smooth out the uneven places and make the crooked straight. He will be faithful, too, and hold to his mistress and master for years, following them whither they go and sharing their fortunes like the member of the family which he is. If occasionally he drinks too much *sake* and comes to his rooms a little roisterous, it is only on rare occasions and the vision of his master checks undue exhibitions of wrath or humour.

The fishermen form a world by themselves. On a favourable day the bay of Tokyo is white with sails, and thousands of men gain their livelihood by gathering the never-failing harvest of the sea. Nowhere else, perhaps, is there a fish market of such variety and such unlimited quantity. The fishermen talk a dialect of their own, not understood by other folk, but they comprehend ordinary talk when it is addressed to them. They live in huts along the shore, or often on their

boats and are, like all fisherfolk, hardy, daring, cheerful, singing songs as they work, and apparently content whether the fish run or not, whether they are blown far out to sea or are snugly in port when the gales blow. In them Japan has an endless supply of unexcelled material for its navy and its merchant marine.

Possibly the most interesting form of their conflicts in the deep is in Tosa. At a great headland in the season they keep watch for whales, and when one is seen an army of fishermen assemble in the hope that it will go with the current which sets around the headland and follows the coast-line. When this is the case, the fishermen launch their boats with a score of men or more in each, the boats provided with great nets of strong rope and large mesh. One is spread along the route the whale is taking and left to float. He sticks his nose in it, becomes tangled, but pushes obstinately on his way. A second, a third, a fourth and more are spread before him until he is thoroughly ensnared, and then, when he is wearied with his efforts to escape, the fishermen catch the ends of the ropes and tow the monster slowly toward the land, until at last, when he is securely in shallow water they finish him with spears. Then an orgy ensues, with drink in superabundance for the fishermen, as they cut him up and feast on his flesh; for in Japan the flesh of the whale is esteemed good food, my own experience recalling tough beefsteak fried in a sardine tin.

Besides the working classes there are parasites, beggars, and thieves. Both are organised, of course, for what can be left to individual initiative in Japan! The beggars have their king, their rules, and their divisions of territory and of spoils. Often forbidden, they still continue and thrive. Especially do they gather near the temples at festivals, hoping for their share of pious alms. On the great highway also they are in evidence, showing their sores and telling their piteous tales, precisely like their fellows in other lands.

The thieves, too, have their guilds and their degrees. There are pickpockets and sneak-thieves and highwaymen and burglars. Sometimes there is an epidemic of burglaries, the men entering houses at night, awakening the inmates, threatening them with swords, and compelling them to hand over their valuables. The threats are not empty, for if the booty be suspiciously small they will mutilate or even kill the unarmed inmates of the dwelling. The pickpockets are especially skilful, and rival the feats of their most famous brethren of Western lands. Sometimes crimes of peculiar ferocity are committed, and of great extent, as when a band of incendiaries repeatedly fired Tokyo, that they might find a profit in thieving during the general confusion and alarm; and murders are sometimes committed in country districts with the object apparently of obtaining a few cents.

The police are as clever as the thieves. We have known of articles stolen in Yokohama, discovered by the police and returned to the owner before they had been missed. In another instance a lady's gold watch was stolen and its loss reported to the police. Months went by with no return, and it was given up as hopeless when finally it was brought back. Upon being questioned, the police explained that only that morning it had appeared in a pawn-shop, the thief having kept it until he supposed the danger of discovery was past. The detectives hold the pawnbrokers to strict account and keep the sharpest watch upon the *Yoshiwara* and other places where men go for debauchery. Often men are placed under arrest in Tokyo because they spend money more freely than their appearance seems to warrant and can not give a clear account of their funds. Almost certainly after a little, a description of some runaway comes from the provinces. So the prisons are kept full, for, to quote Confucius, under all governments the supply of rats and thieves does not fail.

The police are from the *samurai* class and they magnify their office, combining with their executive functions a power of inquisition which is half magisterial. Their control of a crowd verges on the magical, for still the old awe of authority obtains. A slight cord stretched across a street will hold back a vast crowd, and a few officers with a gesture can control a multitude. When the Em-

peror gave the Constitution to the Empire in 1889, he drove out of the Imperial Palace gates in a carriage with the Empress by his side. The crowd was immense, and after the procession had passed it flowed in a mighty stream towards the bridges leading across the moats, and as it approached the gateway it came together with a constantly increasing pressure. In the midst of a crowd were a foreigner and his wife in a *jin-riki-sha*. The police saw the evident distress on the face of the lady and, without any request, told her they would see her safely out. They whipped out their swords, and in a moment there was a clear lane between the solid ranks, down which the *jin-riki-sha* was pulled by the two coolies in perfect ease and safety. How it was possible for so dense a mass to follow so perfectly the word of command remains a mystery.

Nor will the police accept of gifts. A friend, feeling his indebtedness to the policemen on his station,—they had a tiny house just at his corner,—sent them a steaming pot of coffee with some simple articles of hot food on a cold and stormy night, only to have it returned with the message, "We are not permitted to accept gifts." So he appealed to the higher authorities and, gaining permission, made a custom of sending in refreshments on especially cold or stormy nights. Still less are the police accessible to bribes or gifts of money, though they are paid only a pittance, the ordinary patrolman getting not more than eight

dollars a month. Yet they feel themselves worthy of their name and blood and like their ancestors are a part of the Government.

It is one of the illusions of foreigners that fashions do not change. As they will tell you that all Japanese look alike, and even that Chinamen cannot be distinguished from Japanese when clothed alike, so the customs of the people from year to year, and in all localities look unchangingly the same. But not to the Japanese himself, to whom the trifling differences assume a larger importance than does the unchanging mass. Fashions change in Japan also, if not as in our modern days yet as in the same state of society in Europe in the past. For fashions change most rapidly when they are the changing badge of wealth, and when social status ebbs and flows and people are known by what they wear. But when the status is fixed, and people do not wish to change their state or their rank or to seem other than they are, then, since there is no danger of mistaking rank, fashions change only in details, slowly, or in trifles. In Japan the fashions in their essentials have remained or have changed only with really changing needs. The fashion of the hair which had to do with the warriors' head-gear has gone wholly out in our day of peace, or of unarmoured war. The man of official rank wears his clothes in foreign style, as becoming modern tasks, though he returns to his native undress costume for his hours of ease. But apart from such great changes,

A RESTING-PLACE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

apparent to all eyes, there are smaller changes: the pattern of cloth or silk procurable this year may be sought in vain a twelvemonth hence, and the way of tying the girdle, the pattern of the sleeve and the neck-gear, change with changing places and changing times. So, too, with the dressing of the hair: it is not only that certain styles belong to certain ages and may not be affected after some fixed date, but within the limits set by age there are variations, according to fashion's whim.

Nor are costumes cheap; relatively to income, the Japanese will spend as much on the adornment of wife or child as does his Western brother, and the fine lady wears frock over frock, sometimes as many as six, each of silk, and each showing a tiny edge as she walks, her feet pushing aside the folds. The change to foreign fashions among women has been largely confined to court circles, and with a certain want of adaptiveness, at least to foreign eyes, has this advantage, that the woman thus gowned acquires with the foreign costume a consideration from the men that is wanting when clad in native garb.

But besides fashions in dress, there are fashions in other things, fads, we should call them. Long ago, for example, in the beginning of the Tokugawa days there was a craze for quails, and men paid large prices for fine or rare specimens, which were kept as pets. And in the modern era craze has followed craze in quick succession, animals

and birds and flowers, with bicycles, and boating, and manias for special kinds of investments, with now and then gigantic frauds. To be in fashion in costume and amusements is no other in Japan than in Western lands.

CHAPTER XIV

LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND EDUCATION

THE life of a people is expressed in their language, and its acquisition is like getting a new sense by which knowledge is gained of a new world. The Japanese language belongs to a group of which it is the most important. On the continent Korean bears it resemblance, though chiefly in grammatical structure. Besides, there are the languages spoken in the little group of islands called Ryu Kyu (Loo Choo), to the south, but beyond these all regions have been searched for cognates without distinguished or certain success.

The language is polysyllabic, and in general, we may say, the longer the word the more honourable it is. For the distinguishing feature of the speech is its construction on the principle of a gradation of ranks in society, so that you and I and the servant and our friend can be distinguished by the words used in reference to each, as if, talking of our abodes, I should say "mansion," and a little later "hut." The first, of course, would be

your home, and the second mine, and this entirely without reference to their relative size or costliness. So, were you to go to town it would be a "stately proceeding," while I should simply and humbly "go." When verbs and nouns can thus be associated with degrees of honour it is manifest that pronouns are superfluous. When I speak of "mansion" and "hut," what need of "yours" and "mine," especially as the same words in your mouth will indicate the opposite abodes? Hence our common translation of the Japanese quite misrepresents it. They do not say, "your august abode," or "your honourable tea," as usually they are represented, but the word itself, or the word with its honourific prefix contains simply the thought of "you" and "yours," as the humble word or the omission of the prefix indicates "me" and "mine." So by and by, when use has blunted the edge of contrast, one speaks Japanese without a thought that his dialect is stilted, or that the pronoun is in any degree a more natural way of distinguishing "you" and "me" than are delicately chosen words.

Then one wonders, at first, to be told there is no true nominative case, and that transitive verbs are not followed, of necessity, by an object. But one soon finds the fashion simple, and its strangeness has analogies. We were taught in youth to say, precisely, "I beg your pardon," but really the pronouns are superfluous, as who mistakes the meaning if we say, "Beg pardon"? unless, indeed,

there be confusion and it is not quite clear who committed the offence, nor against whom, when one may say, singling out from an implicated group, "*I* beg *your* pardon." So the Japanese uses simply the verb, "pardon," and a substitute for a pronoun only when there is really need. Extend the instance to all verbs and we find we can dispense with multitudes of nouns. "Struck," "done," "sold," "dead,"—even with ourselves emphatic and colloquial speech takes all the rest for granted; but in Japanese these are not abbreviations of more than doubtful propriety and wholly undoubted want of elegance, but they are of the structure and nature of the speech itself. So that we may use verbs without subjects, and active verbs without objects unless, as before, the subject is in doubt, when we go round about as if we should say "Concerning the Japanese Language, difficult." So we announce "concerning what" we speak, and continue without necessity of nominative, objective, and the rest in every phrase.

Stranger yet are the tenses. The student learns his past, his present, and his future, and then is surprised to hear the past used of the future and the future of the past, until at last he comes to understand that the present is the real tense, used of all, and that his past tense represents certainty, and therefore is usual in the past, although his servant, foretelling his obedience, uses it unhesitatingly of the future; and that the future is

uncertain, so that the cautious man uses it of something uncertain to his knowledge in the past. The present, too, takes on its real significance, as so often one hears a phrase like "It is that one has been abroad."

Naturally one gets on without gender for nouns, for English teaches us to do that unless, as in Japanese, for some reason the gender must be mentioned, when there are words for such real use. Number falls into the same category, for in cases innumerable it is sufficient to use the word, and singular or plural is plain without our indicating the fact. When the youthful student, accustomed to the complexity of our classic grammars, hears that the Japanese has neither number, gender, nor case he rejoices and thinks he has an easy task.

After a time—not too long a time—he is undeceived, and by and by begins to wish he could trade some of his new complexities for the old. Sentences, for example, which can have no relative pronoun, but must put all qualifying words and phrases before the word qualified, become of a length and a difficulty which make him feel that the Japanese sentence, like the Japanese character, is past finding out. For the one rule of syntax is the one just stated, that qualifiers precede, though prepositions are postpositions. We can find analogies in plenty for clauses which condition without the relative, as we may say the murdered man or the man who was murdered, but the rule with the Japanese is invariable. Then, not to be

technical, nor to dwell tediously on a subject which is dry in the telling, there are all the fine gradations in nouns and verbs in the indication of the persons speaking, spoken of, or addressed, and the innumerable auxiliary numerals whose use is necessary, as if every word, or kind of word had its own numeral like so many brace of fowls, and,—but we shall stop, referring the curious to the excellent handbooks on the colloquial which will show in what unimagined ways our common humanity may express its common sentiments. Perhaps we may end with one further remark that though Japanese can in no wise be translated literally into any European tongue, still, once learned, it contains neither impossibilities nor perplexities, and fits itself to the Anglo-Saxon psychology and expresses an American's ideas as readily as the thoughts of those to the language born.

But when one has got so far he has just begun. There is the written language with its own grammar and vocabulary, for the two long ago diverged, and the unhappy student must learn both and keep both distinct in memory and use. Then, to make confusion worse confounded, there is the ever-present Chinese; spoken language, written language, and Chinese, and still, and evermore Chinese.

It is true the Chinese is an alien element. Roots decked out with Japanese terminations, governed by Japanese postpositions, separated by

Japanese particles, are imbedded in the tongue, but follow obediently the order of the Japanese. Or one may be more ambitious, and turn to literature, which omits more and more of the Japanese auxiliaries and order, and approaches nearer and nearer to Chinese until the latter is fully reached, and one by insensible degrees has arrived at the height of learning, and can read, or—rare accomplishment!—possibly write the foreign language in its purity.

There has been reason for the predominance of Chinese, a preponderance which no change in the twentieth century seems to threaten. First, because in antiquity all literature, and philosophy, and law, and science, and theology came from China, and the language unlocked the great storehouse of human knowledge. The classics were Chinese, the dogmatic authorities of the Buddhists were in Chinese, and the masterpieces of literature were Chinese. So the boy began the study, and the youth continued it, and the man completed it, so far as any human being masters the infinite. Naturally, after the fashion of students the world over, he filled his talk with the words and phrases laboriously acquired until the gentleman had the Chinese synonym for every native word at his tongue's end, all the better liked for being wholly unintelligible to the common herd. Strange fashion,—as strange, perhaps, as that of our ancestors who used Latin in the same style, and for the same reasons, and to the same ends.

But besides the great end of learned speech—the mystification of the vulgar and the cultivation of one's superior self-consciousness the Chinese really has other uses. Never was there such another tongue for compounds: in comparison Greek is difficult and German clumsy. Japanese with its circumlocutions and its polysyllables is simply impossible, but Chinese with an immense vocabulary all of monosyllables fits the scientific terminology to a nicety. The Japanese form compounds expressive of all the meanings of all the technical terms in all the sciences, expressive, concise, exact. Again and again one is astonished to see how speedily and how precisely the product would be formed. Did one want so little as the name of a committee, "The Committee on the Revision of the Rules," out it would come, Rules-revision-committee, exact, elegant, expressive, brief. So in our day Chinese flourishes, for though the ancient classics have lost their vogue, and though students no longer pore for years over the masterpieces of literature, still compounds innumerable one must know if he would read the papers, or understand the conversation of gentlemen. Possibly the self-flattery of foreigners who know the language in its different forms—they are very few—is not without its warrant, as they say that, take it all in all, its native complexities, its foreign additions, its enormous vocabulary, and its immense demands upon the memory for form as the Chinese ideograph is learned, no other

single job on earth excels for difficulty its mastery. A distinguished linguist used to say to young missionaries who wished pointers on learning the language, "Stay twenty years and study all the time." Yet he, natural linguist and unrivalled speaker of the Japanese, had no eye for form and could not read a newspaper nor a page in a native book.

Education in Old Japan, as will be readily understood, was studying Chinese. It is a vast wilderness which no man ever can explore, yet not a wilderness, for it is cultivated to the highest degree, as the enthusiasm and industry of a marvellous race have been expended upon it. In its higher ranges none ever calls a spade a spade. There is always some classical or poetical allusion which hints the implement. Milton at his worst is a mere tyro in comparison with a Chinese scholar in allusiveness, so that to understand, the reader must have Chinese poetry and history and literature and, above all, the classics at his command. We never knew a foreigner who could dispense with the aid of a native scholar, and the young men, Japanese, of the modern era except in the most extraordinary instances cannot combine the new education with the old. In the olden times in the nature of the case it was easier to be a pedant than a scholar. All the training tended to check originality, and to destroy initiative. The rule was so rigid that the most the ordinary man could hope for as the outcome of his years of

application was the ability to write verses which should be technically correct. The writers on the "Way" lament the misdirected energy of men who run over a multitude of books, but do not fasten their minds upon principles, scholars of the eye, and of the memory. Naturally enough, for what else could be anticipated from the system? So was it in Japan and so is it in China. The intellects of the nations were bound by a mass of traditions enshrined in a medium which had a semi-sacred character. We know how powerful is the influence of words in all education and how impossible it seems to escape the tendency to substitute them for things, so that the explanation of the word comes to be the explanation of the fact for which it stands. But with the Chinese system of education this tendency is developed to the utmost. If one asks a scholar of the old type for an explanation he is almost certain to reply by an analysis of the ideograph or an account of its history. When thus he has expounded the nature of the symbol, he takes it for granted nothing further is required. This tendency is most extreme in the Chinese philosophy, in which the mastery of the words of most general import has carried with it the unquestioned belief in the existence of the things, and a complete realism of the mediæval type is the result.

Here and there some mind of original power escaped in a measure the influence of the system, but none ever wholly escaped it. So the

innovators after all stood well within the old boundaries and were unable to make such new departures as would create new epochs in philosophy, literature, or science. Thus, though we have differences corresponding to the distinctions between the nominalists and the realists of the Middle Ages in Europe, we have no such new outlook upon the universe as is given by the inductive philosophy. The Chinese, and after them the Japanese, never went at first hand to nature, but at third and fourth remove worked with ideas formulated in the past, and with their shadows, the shadows of shadows, the ideographs. In our judgment the want of greatness in such long periods of history and the meagre outcome of such vast intellectual labour is not because of inherent weakness in the Far Eastern mind, but in the medium used for literature, and the unfortunate system of education which it involved.

The literature which resulted was vast and complicated. The Japanese classify it under sixteen heads, in which we shall not follow them, remarking that the divisions contain nothing especially strange or noteworthy. But when we turn from classification to contents there are resemblances and contrasts to our kindred kinds. The histories are minute, prolonged, and deadly dull, and worse, they are untrustworthy. From the days of Confucius history has been regarded as a means for moral or political instruction, that is, it is morality taught by example. But if

through the perversity of facts the past does not show the virtuous always successful and the vicious punished, what is the moralist to do? Why, make the facts fit the theory, for what should be surely *is*. So did Confucius, falsifying unhesitatingly his facts in the book which has come down to us under his name, mistakenly, I trust; and so did his successors, who were for the most part moralists or courtiers. Arai Hakuseki tells us that history should recount only those things which are to the honour of the men of the past, and a picture shows the Prince of Mito correcting the historians who were writing the great history of Japan, not, we may be sure, because they were not true to the facts, but because they were setting forth something which was not to his purpose or his taste.

Dull as are the histories, almost duller to our notions are the romances. There is a long string of incidents without development of plot or analysis of character. Their value is to the historical student who may find in them material for the reconstruction of times past. To the same class belong the few books of travel, and of miscellanies, works which have their value to the Japanese chiefly because of the beauty of their style, and to the foreigner as showing the life and thought of the people—furnishing with the biographies and rare autobiographies material for the historian.

Philosophy there is, following the mutations of the Chinese schools, but with no contribution of

its own. Buddhist theology is in vast undigested masses, only a few tiny books of genuine Japanese material in it all, and there are Shinto works of late date in which, after the fashion of theological apologists the world over, the writers attempt to prove the undoubted divinity of their own notions and to confound the adversaries. Then there are cyclopedias, and technical works, and books which appeal to collectors of antiques and of curiosities, and all the multitude of works on subjects which belong to the history and the technique and, above all, the mystery of art.

Poetry deserves a word, for it is almost the only distinctively Japanese production in the list. There is also Chinese poetry written by Japanese, but in some mysterious way the Japanese verse managed to hold its own. It is described by contraries. In its pure form it has neither rhyme nor rhythm nor parallelism. Some poems are of moderate length, but the usual verse is of thirty-one syllables, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7. Evidently not much can be accomplished in the space, especially as short Chinese words are tabu, and the Japanese, as we remember, are polysyllables. But, moreover, as if the syllables were still too many, meaningless words are employed to round out the number, "pillow words," on which the others rest. The poet in his narrow limits and bound by rigid forms can only make a suggestion, sometimes an exclamation, and let the mind of the reader do the rest. The poem hints at some natural subject,

THE PRINCE OF MITO CORRECTS A STATEMENT IN THE HISTORY.

the list is as limited as the syllables, and through it suggests a thought of life, or love, or death, or duty, or emotion, or beauty. The list shows by its limitations the powerful effect of tradition which prevents one from going direct to nature to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own ears; thus, though the moon, the flowers, the falling leaves, the mist, are repeated over and over, with the flight of birds and the sound of insects, the stars are quite left out.

As if thirty-one syllables gave too great latitude, a still tinier poem is made of seventeen syllables, 5, 7, 5, a test surely of poetic ingenuity beyond the sonnet, for in these artificialities the East always can excel the West. And the style of education is perfectly shown in the fact that all educated men were expected to write verse, a task as valuable and as inspiring as the writing of Latin verse by schoolboys in "enlightened" lands. The illustration may fit a wider range, for, extend the discipline of Latin verse over the whole range of education, and, *mutatis mutandis*, you have the spirit and the method of Japanese education in the past and of Chinese in the present.

But with the coming of the "Age of Enlightenment," all has changed. If the people were to be educated it could not be in a system which should take as its idea the writing of Latin verse, and if the favoured few in earnest were to master the range of Western science they could not spend

years in mastering the turns and phrases of the endless literature of the past. So, in the day of revolution, the old education was swept away and the ideals of the nineteenth century were introduced. A new literature springs into being—works of science, essays, novels, theologies, philosophies, translations, and adaptations of modern literature in Europe and America, with masses of reviews, magazines, and periodicals. The newspapers are many—partisan, often violent, frequently afflicted with the evils of our most "yellow" press, with scandals and libels peculiarly their own. Unfortunately the Chinese ideograph is retained: unfortunately, for it is practicable to write the Japanese in Roman letters, and before the full benefit of the great advance can be felt the change will be made, else inevitably in literature Japan will lag behind.

Every child must go to school when it is six years old. It learns to read the simple Japanese syllabary which is used for the uneducated, the Roman letters, and the Chinese ideographs which are in most common use. Besides, there is arithmetic, with gymnastics, a bit of manual training, and poetry. The tuition is paid in part by the parents, say four cents or less per month, and part by the State, the average cost of each school per year being less than three hundred and fifty dollars. As the teachers are men, sometimes with families, they are wretchedly underpaid with consequent inefficiency. Parents who cannot pay

the little fee may have it remitted on application to the authorities and this becomes the rule, elementary education being practically free. Evidently the education leaves much to be desired, and the child whose course of study stops with these primary schools—and the vast majority go no farther—knows only how to read the simplest books, and to write the simplest letter, and to work such simple sums as may serve its purpose in its very diminutive accounts in later life. It gains no real outlook, no command over the instruments of knowledge, and no ideal for future efforts. This is true even if the child be favoured with a supplementary course of a year or two, at the section added to the primary school, for in it the work is still confined to subjects which deal with the simplest things in the simplest life.

Beyond the primary schools are the common middle schools, where the curriculum embraces English, the Japanese language, a further acquaintance with Chinese, elementary mathematics, geography, history, physics, chemistry, drawing, and zoölogy. Five years are given to these studies, and the number of students pursuing them is something more than fifty thousand, who constitute thus the lowest order in the intellectual aristocracy of New Japan.

Finishing his middle common school, our student may enter a high school, where in three years more he can be prepared for the university or for special technical schools. In this higher

course he carries on the work begun in the lower schools, fitting himself for his university much as in Europe, with the exception of Latin and Greek, Chinese furnishing more than a full equivalent for the discipline of the dead languages. According to the department he chooses, the student must now acquire a working knowledge of English or German, or both. On graduation he can enter the university without examination, but the graduates are few, for only some five thousand students advance to entrance in this grade.

The universities are two, one in Tokyo and one in Kyoto, the former only being fully organised. It has a large faculty, and more than three thousand students in six colleges: literature, science, law, medicine, engineering, and agriculture. In addition is the university hall for graduate students engaged in original research. The students dress in uniform, and are in large part provided for by the State. The university opens to its graduates careers in the Government and in the professions, and fitly crowns the educational edifice.

Besides this regular system, there are other schools, normal, technical, and private. Some of them have exerted power second only to the university, perhaps not second to it, for the graduates of the great institution established by Mr. Fukuzawa are found in all the important departments of public activity profoundly influencing the course of events. Several of the mission schools also, notably the *Do-shi-sha*, founded by Mr.

Nishima, have been highly influential through the prominence and the activity of their graduates. And once more, a large number of young men have been educated abroad in the schools, colleges, and universities of America and Europe, there being clubs in Tokyo composed exclusively of graduates of foreign institutions.

Education for women is not so far advanced. The proportion in the common schools is small, only five-eighths as many girls as boys. And in the higher schools the number grows rapidly less, even in comparison with the males. In the university there are none, but excellent private schools for girls have been established. In this, as in much else, the missions were pioneers, one of the best results of their activity being the incitement of the Japanese to imitation and rivalry.

Students as a class are only too diligent and are free from the pranks of Western boys. Yet none the less at times their teachers find them difficult to deal with. It is not only that they are impatient of the slow steps of the ordinary lines of our educational processes and are eager to reach the end at once, nor that their interest turns too lightly from topic to topic so that they are ready to leave one half-mastered for a new one just discovered, but more because they are hero-worshippers, and the supply of heroes is limited. So long, then, as their teacher retains their confidence and holds their imagination, he will find them docile and ready to follow where he leads;

but the instant they find him out to be, after all, only the ordinary man, and when with this discovery they think they possess all which he can teach, rebellion follows. Moreover, the elders, themselves incompetent to judge the educational situation, support the students, so that time after time meritorious teachers, Japanese and foreign, have lost their positions because, through no fault of their own, their students in rebellion have been supported by parents and authorities. A fundamental principle of government is this: that the superior man governs not by rules but by his influence. If, then, disorder breaks forth, it is proved from the fact that he is not superior, and hence, even without error of his own, his place is lost.

It has been customary for men to gather groups of students about themselves, the students dwelling in their houses and supported, perhaps entirely, by their patron, who lectures to them occasionally and oversees their studies and provides them teachers. In a number of instances individuals have established large schools partly on this plan and partly supported by the payments of the students. Even when the student receives all of his support in this fashion, there is little sense of humiliating dependence, but the feeling of a reciprocal favour conferred, for the man of influence and position owes a duty to society, and the student has a claim, not only for existence, but for training, that he, too, may become a factor in the State. As the *samurai* for generations lived

on allowances from the Government, and as in return they were expected only to give their services as might be required, and as they were taught to expect the highest education for the mind as well as the best training for the body, they came to accept all as a matter of course. Sometimes foreigners have charged the Japanese with ingratitude because of their seeming unconsciousness of benefits received, and it is true that a Japanese may be taken into a family, treated almost like a son, and yet, at some later time leave, making no sign of thankfulness. Yet there may be gratitude, for let him feel that he has received training for the mind or soul or body which fits him for his place and he will carry the sense of his profound obligation with him to his death.

CHAPTER XV

TOKYO

KYOTO is the representative of Old Japan; made the capital of the Empire in the eighth century, it was laid out after the Chinese fashion in formal regularity, and adorned with all the resources of art. After more than a thousand years it is still the most beautiful city in the Far East; but its life has departed and it is no longer a factor in the activities of the nation. Government, commerce, literature, the interests of ambitious men centre in Tokyo, while the sister city has only the empty title "Western Capital," the memories of the past, and the affection of lovers of the antique, the beautiful, and the unusual. It is the delight of the æsthetic tourist, and many regret that all Japan has not remained unchanged so that it might add its picturesque variety to a world become monotonously alike.

But Japan does not desire to offer attractions to the traveller as her chief end, but seeks a worthy place in the world so that she will not be looked at as a curiosity, but will be desired as a friend or

feared as a foe,—that is, the Japanese looks at life precisely as does the American. So he who would study the real Japan and know its purposes and powers must not linger in Kyoto, but must go to Tokyo.

The town is modern, becoming of importance only in 1590, when Tokugawa Ieyasu made it his capital. He and his successors built a huge castle, and forced the barons to build mansions, some within the castle enclosure, and merchants and artisans to come from Kyoto and Osaka. Thus the town was furnished with inhabitants. The spaces outside the castle for the most part were filled with cheap shops and dwellings, of the lightest construction, with roofs of shingles, boards, or thatch. In the eighteenth century, tiles replaced the more inflammable roofing, and storehouses of mud furnished protection against the ravages of the constant conflagrations. A number of straggling villages were joined into a city, the whole making a tangled mass of confused, narrow, crooked streets without plan or symmetry.

With comparatively few alterations, the town still retains these characteristic features, the names of the ancient villages remaining to designate different quarters and the same names of streets repeated over and over. The palace of the Emperor occupies the centre of the castle by the side of the beautiful garden made for the pleasure of the *Shogun:* within the moats the mansions of the *daimyo* are replaced by the commonplace, modern

structures erected for the departments of the Government and for the Parliament: some of the feudal mansions scattered throughout the city have been destroyed and others have given way to institutions of the new era, one, Kaga, to the elaborate buildings of the university, and another, Mito, to the arsenal, with its ancient garden, which was planned by a refugee Chinaman, still preserved in its unrivalled beauty.

The other changes are also utilitarian: the outer wall of the castle has been levelled and the moat, where the lotus grew, has been filled to make place for a tram; some streets are straightened and others widened, and one is lined with shops built in modified European fashion, and railway stations are already a common feature of the town. But as one looks across the wide expanse of roofs from an eminence, or drives through the interminable miles of streets with the low shops and dwellings of grey, unpainted wood, notwithstanding electric lights, and postmen, and policemen in modern uniform, he feels that the talk of progress is exaggerated and that the town is now as it ever has been save that the picturesque features are gone, leaving only the commonplace.

The tourist soon tires: the modern structures are not interesting, and for the rest the park in Shiba, with its mortuary shrines for the dead *Shoguns*, is at one end of the town, and the park in Ueno, with more mortuary shrines and the museum, at the other, and, besides, the

THE MOAT, WHERE THE LOTUS GREW.

great Buddhist temple in Asakusa, the Shinto shrine at Kudan, the garden at the arsenal, the tombs of the forty-seven *ronin*,—many a man has gone the rounds in a day, and many another has found two days too long and has hastened away to Nikko or Myanoshita or Kyoto in search of something more attractive to a man of taste.

Yet is the town full of absorbing interest. It has its stories of the past with their enchantments of history and romance, and still more the throbbing life of the present, for here is the working out of one of the most vital problems of our age. In Japan all ways lead to Tokyo, and hither come ambitious youth from the provinces. Here are the Court of the Emperor, the Parliament, the heads of the Government, the most active politicians, the editors of the great newspapers, the men famous in literature and science and commerce; famous wrestlers, and actors, and jugglers, and geisha, with the tea houses and gardens everywhere talked about, and shops and museums and all the activities and amusements of the past and present to be found by him who looks for them. They must be looked for, since there is nothing like the display and movement of a capital of one of the fourth-rate kingdoms of the West, no great park or avenue where one may see the world, or opera where society displays itself, or great social functions for wealth and vanity. New Japan has not had time to develop a world of amusement and of fashion. Society is official, a

certain grade admitting to the presence of the Emperor and ensuring invitations to dinners, balls, and fêtes. These seem perfunctory, another duty to be performed, another foreign custom to be adopted, but alien to the real life, something belonging to the new routine, like the uniform and, like it, to be discarded when the work is done. Even a garden party at the palace is like a thousand similar functions in other lands (gentlemen will wear frockcoats, the cards direct, in English and Japanese) save for a glimpse of palace ladies at a distance in brilliant Oriental magnificence, and the matchless beauty of the chrysanthemums; and a disquieting rumour reaches me that now not only the Empress but all the ladies of the palace on these occasions wear Parisian gowns.

The new life does not yet adjust itself to the old. Two distinguished Americans were at a dinner in the Maple Tree Inn, a club devoted still to the purest ways of Old Japan (though the last time I saw it it had electric lights!), where they could neither sit upon their feet, being great of girth, nor find a chair. So they were put on the boards for *go*, eight inches high, knees level with chins, in evening clothes, with stockinged feet covered with napkins, for at dinner in society the feet should not be seen, but at the conclusion of the feast the napkins were clutched and waved in the air as the guests arose like giants, in cotton socks, to make a few remarks. So in a score of instances old and new do not agree, but it is not by the lu-

dicrous misfits of customs and costumes that we are to judge Japan. Nor yet by the old life which still remains. On the hills, a little withdrawn from the crowded streets of shops and common folks, are quiet avenues and peaceful lanes bordered with walls fringed with trees and vines, with elaborate gateways through which we catch glimpses of gardens and dwellings, homes where is a life such as we found in Kochi, though more elaborate, as befits the metropolis. Even if there be a foreign mansion the true home is in the semi-detached native dwelling in the rear, for Kyoto itself is not truer to the ways of Old Japan.

Without formal society, associations are with groups of friends, in clubs, and tea houses and gardens for men, while the ladies are expected to find their friends in their husband's family and their enjoyments chiefly within the confines of house and garden. Such homes and pleasures repeat the experiences of ages past, modified only slightly by the new era. Said the wife of a prominent statesman, in a time of great political unrest, when her husband's life was threatened and she never knew in the morning as he went to the Parliament whether he would return alive: "I do not know why his life is threatened, nor what he is contending for. I can only stay at home and pray and weep."

Nor shall we find modern Japan in the amusements or the pleasures of the people. The theatre, it is true, is in part reformed and saved for respect-

ability, and the people go third class in the railway trains, and not toilsomely afoot on pilgrimages, but still the great religious festival is in honour of a rebel against an emperor, a criminal remembered and worshipped for his strength and daring, the most frequented shrine is to the memory of one who killed himself and his mistress, while the *Yoshiwara* is the most famous place of amusements, its establishments advertising in the papers and sending touts to meet trains at the stations. If one sees a procession, the firemen, or an association of guilds, or, better, some great religious festival with gorgeous floats and fantastic images, and mummers, and throngs of shouting, pushing, red-faced men, or if, visiting the most popular temples, he observe how the worship of Venus is side by side with the worship of Buddha, or, not to continue the list, if one be present when the city is stirred as by the attempt upon the life of Count Okuma, and learns that the assassin had a dozen funerals, even a lock of hair being thought worthy of that honour, he shall think the "Age of Enlightenment" only a name, and he may be inclined to put the nation into the class of unchanging Asiatic powers, with merely an especial power of imitation.

New Japan lives and moves in none of these, but in the group of men who have guided its course in the last thirty years; not merely the statesmen in power, but the statesmen in opposition, with the teachers and authors and editors

and scientists and great merchants and soldiers. Altogether the men are not many compared with the millions of the people, but in them and in men like them is the hope for the future. What they have accomplished the world knows. While I write comes the further proof from Manchuria of the completeness of their success on the field where fate knows neither Asiatic nor European, but victory follows the battalions which are best trained and handled. It is a marvellous achievement, but it only illustrates what has been accomplished in other departments of life and work: and we have patronised them, as if any one of us, the humblest foreigner, were competent to instruct and criticise!

As the generals of Japan hold their own and more against Russia's best, so have its diplomats proved their equality with their peers from all lands. Years ago a friend who had exceptional opportunities for judging at first hand—a man who was not given to overmuch praise of the Government, having his personal grievance—said to me: "The foreign ministers are wholly unable to cope with the native statesmen." There were exceptions, but the governments were in grievous error which supposed that any one would do—any chance politician—for a mission to the Orient.

The statesmen proved their qualities by their power of self-control and their patience. Not only their contemptuous treatment by foreigners invited

haste, but still more the impatience of their countrymen. Again and again the nation protested against delay, a protest urged with the assassin's bomb and sword, and attempted to force action at once and at any cost. The men in control were called "opportunists" without patriotism, principles, or care for anything but the spoils of office. But they did not falter in their immense task, seeking to make Japan respected abroad and worthy of respect at home. They yielded to neither danger,—they did not follow radical counsels and act at once according to theory, nor did they give over effort and let well enough alone; but they persevered and were content to do the next thing as opportunity offered, a kind of politics best adapted to the exigencies of a transition. The leaders of the opposition were, like themselves, ready to take advantage of every opening and to use all means for the furtherance of their ends. So it has been easy for the parties to coalesce, not only in times of national peril but for many common ends.

Politics are too much centred in loyalty to individuals, so that it is easier to form groups than parties. Yet we may readily understand the great issues which have been the chief subjects of dispute. The first great movement after the overthrow of the feudal system was the withdrawal of General Saigo from the coalition, and the consequent Satsuma rebellion. It was purely personal, the outcome of disappointed ambition.

Then came the formation of the Liberal League, under the leadership of Count Itagaki. It demanded the immediate establishment of a Parliament with a responsible ministry after the English fashion. Allied with the Liberals in general aims, but often antagonistic in tactics were the Progressives, organised by Count Okuma. In 1889 the Parliament was established, but the ministry was made dependent on the Emperor, that is, the opposition declared, upon the bureaucracy. Then ensued struggles, with intrigues, and temporary coalitions, and accusations, and all the accompaniments of modern parliamentary strife, and slow progress towards the goal, government by the lower House of the Parliament though a party majority. Only when the nation faces foreign foes is the strife forgotten, as all for the time are united by patriotic fervour.

Important as is the Government and invaluable as has been its leadership, politics has been by no means the only field in which the intelligence and patriotism of the *samurai* have displayed themselves. They have created educational institutions, and a literature, for the regeneration of a nation cannot be exclusively the work of the Government; and the orators, teachers, editors, and authors have formed the public sentiment which makes New Japan not merely the instrument of a class of ambitious men but the true expression of the aspirations of a people. How completely this new life has permeated the

multitude is shown in the war with Russia, which excites the passionate enthusiasm of peasants and of coolies, as of officers and *samurai.*

The new spirit enters even the retired homes of the aristocracy, so that ladies take part in public functions; led by the Empress they hold bazaars for the support of hospitals, organise societies in connection with the Red Cross organisation, and take an active interest in the higher education of women. The men, too, give expression to the new spirit by societies for the promotion of purity of life and for the formation of higher ethical standards of living. New ideals are set forth and a more worthy social organisation sought.

Even from the ranks of the common people individuals prove themselves possessed of the spirit, the intelligence, and the capability of the *samurai.* For the gentry formed no caste distinguished by different blood or race, but were merely representative Japanese, and the time may come, as Count Itagaki dreams, when the whole people will be their equals in intelligence as now in patriotism and rights.

Kyoto contrasts with Tokyo as the past with the present. The former is beautiful, but it is finished; it is rich in achievement, but without promise for the future. It remains the joy of all who love Japan because it is so unlike the West, so unspoiled by crude minglings of Oriental with Occidental, so novel, so content, so apart from the strife and the aspirations of the modern world.

In the background one seems to see the interminable eras of the East: Japan in its beginnings with its belief in its land begotten by the gods, with its strange love for the marvellous and its worship of the mysterious, with its emotionalism and its artistic instincts not yet come to development: and to this was brought the religion of India, enriched by a thousand years of existence, by its travel through continents, and by the meditations and the fancies of millions of votaries. It gave to Japan the universe of the imagination and, instead of the narrow province of Yamato, extended existence through countless worlds and ages. It brought the philosophy of India and literary traditions. Combined with these were the ethics and the philosophy and literature and the civil organisation and the social etiquette of China. The East in its immensity and its vast antiquity served Japan, and Japan wrought with the material thus furnished, producing through its native genius the civilisation which remains unique and beautiful.

The spirit of Asia has accomplished its mission: it has no further great gift to bestow upon the world. Man's mind, overpowered by nature, has failed to master it, therefore it has retired upon itself and has sought, in its own concepts, imaginations, retrospections, and hopes, to find reality. Had man no other methods and no other instruments this were his final achievement. Japan gives to us Asiatic civilisation in its most finished

and perfect form, but it also shows us that without the introduction of new motives and the use of new methods there is nothing more to hope. The palace at Kyoto is vacant; its garden is the resort only of the curious, and its structure is the copy of numberless edifices which have preceded it. It is the monument of a completed history, but for the future men turn away from the rich plain, surrounded by great mountains, where the Japanese race so long found its centre, to the new residence of the Emperor, Tokyo.

Tokyo is confused and raw. Its imitations of Western ways are inharmonious, and it still holds fast to much that is unreformed and even heathenish. But it is the centre of absorbing interest to all who hope and believe in the progress of humanity. Can an Oriental people take on the civilisation of the West, learn its science, master its philosophy, absorb its ethical and religious ideals and yet retain its own peculiarities so that the result shall be a new and vigorous creation? Is it possible with such a history and with the vast influence of the ethical and religious environments of thousands of years to start upon a new career which shall lead to a different civilisation, based not upon fancies or introspections, but upon the truths which science discovers and which modern men adopt as fundamental?

Japan has made a beginning, and I have tried to indicate what are the forces which work to so great an end. First of all, there is the native

THE PALACE IN KYOTO.

genius, impressible, emotional, eager, self-confident; and there are the men of trained mind and self-sacrificing spirit, accustomed to leadership and in numbers sufficient to direct all departments of national activity, men with the mind to see, the will to choose, and the power to execute. Can Japan prove its right to hold the place it has won and to complete the task it has begun? Time only can answer, but the achievements of the present are the promise for the future.

In the past the Japanese appropriated the civilisation of China, assimilated it, and transformed it. Now none mistakes the civilisation of China for Japan's, nor supposes the art or literature or institutions to be identical. The world is richer for the intelligence and zeal which made Japan the willing pupil of its great neighbour. So shall it be again,—a new civilisation will replace the old, its principles and many of its forms from the West, but its spirit its own. It cannot be merely a mechanical imitation of any other social organisation, a monotonous and tiresome repetition, but it will be a distinctive growth, enriching the world by adding to its variety. On such an achievement depends the future of Asia, for, as we have pointed out, the Asiatic civilisation, philosophy, and religion have run their course and completed their cycle. For their own sake they need the stimulus of contact with a different civilisation, and with differing forms of truth. It is not a question of choice between two equal forms of civilisation.

In the Middle Ages a discussion of the relative merits of East and West was possible. It has become impossible, for the Occidental learns the processes of nature and masters them. Compare the long lines of carts pushed and pulled by human labour over terrible roads in China or in Japan with the great railway trains on an American railway, or a modern battleship with a Chinese junk. The Japanese understand the situation, and they only of the peoples of the East, and they choose freedom and self-government instead of submission to foreign rule, progress instead of stagnation, modern science instead of the metaphysics of the Chinese schools. And the West needs contact with the spirit and the thought and the art of the East. Only as these two so widely different civilisations, with such widely different histories and such widely separated environments, come together may we look for a new world-development, based upon the same common truths which shall form the foundation for progress, and be given independent expression in accordance with the characteristics of the varying nations, that mankind may have a future infinitely richer and nobler than its past. Many question whether such a result is possible, but Japan attempts the achievement. If it can succeed, China also and India will feel the impulse of the new life and will start upon a course full of promise; if it fail, doubtless upon the history of that vast portion of the human race which we designate as Asiatic

will be written "Finis" and the future shall be but a wearisome repetition in more degrading forms of the past.

Meanwhile the Japanese think earnestly, not of these world problems but of their position among the nations; and they render us a service as they prove that the earth is not the exclusive possession of the white man, and show themselves worthy to be classed with the most advanced nations in science, in art, in enlightenment, and in war. They are not curiosities, to be prized for their novelties, nor are they inferiors to be patronised and governed, but they are men of like passions with ourselves, to be feared as foes and loved as friends, and to bear their part in the great task which was given men in the beginning "to subdue the earth" and make it the fit abode for enlightenment, truth, justice, beauty, and peace.

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